

CAVALCADE

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The Bandit Who Ravaged a Nation — page 46

a Covey of Cranks

JOHN CHILWELL



The maid complained about the cook, so her master, without disclosing his intentions, took her out and married her.

A SHAGGY graybeard on an un-kempt white pony paraded with purple spots reared to a halt in horror one spring morning in 1803. Immediately he pulled a card attached to the bridle and a curtain fell over his steed's eyes.

He had just seen an equally scruffy character making his ineptly rehearsed marriage proposal to the already beautiful in Vauxhall Park, and he did not want his pony corrupted by such brazen goings-on.

London's two most celebrated equestrians had met for the first time. The first was the celebrated Dr. Martin van Batschell, who in spite of his

eccentricities was an accomplished dentist-cum-doctor. The second one was no other than "the poor knight of Windsor," Sir John Dinsley, Bart., who spent a lifetime unsuccessfully advertising for a wife.

Both cranks were accepted by a tolerant Georgian community on horseback. They were.

Van Batschell, who traced his lineage back to Shadrach, painted his pony to distinguish it from the common herd. Sometimes for variety he used black spots with circular designs on forehead and hindquarters, or painted it purple all over.

He had extraordinary ideas of dress

and wore a "utility" suit of his own design. It consisted of short, waistcoat, breeches and stockings all in one piece and fashioned from "elastic material."

At his side, along like a sword, was what he called a "Obstruction bone," which he carried as a protective charm. Actually it was the jaw-bone of an ass, with which, Samson-like, he beat off the rash of unannounced ardentists who tried to pull him from his chair.

He carried his eccentricity into his profession, refusing to visit any patient, no matter what the fee offered. When offered the post of Royal dentist, he snubbed George III. by refusing to lend his teeth unless the King went to his surgery like any commoner.

Van Batschell had no set fee, but charged his patients "two per cent of five years' profit."

When his first wife died, he decided to exclude her and instructed another "eccentric" to prepare "a kind of pickle." For some time after, he kept this "curious memorandum" in his house and exhibited it to friends.

Hearing that the mounds grew long boards to enhance their strength, van Batschell became a convert, let his whitening grow and never showed them to be trimmed. He became such a crank about the beautiful powers of hair that he offered to sell the strands from combings at a guinea a time. History does not record how many sales he made.

Meanwhile his domestic affairs had been left to a housekeeper and to a maid named Elsiebeth. One day Elsiebeth, objecting to the overbearing nature of the housekeeper, complained to the doctor and threatened to quit. Van Batschell told her to go walking with him when he would "intentionally put an end to all occasion of complaint."

He forthwith walked her to the altar, where the unsuspecting maid was too dumbfounded to say no. Thus Dr. van Batschell got his second wife.

While van Batschell found a wife successfully by such tactics, Sir John Dinsley failed because he tried to hasten slowly. The son of a man hanged for murder, Dinsley "had no ideas of slaughter," according to a scribe, "except of ladies' hearts."

After going through the wreck of his family fortunes when young, he spent the rest of his life looking for a wife to redeem the family home in the manorshire. It was only his late age which kept him from destitution, for in those days the aristocracy looked after its own.

Influential friends introduced him to the chief dispenser of letters and "hand-outs," Prime Minister Lord North, who granted the ragged baronet a pension and a free house as a "poor knight" at Windsor.

Compulsions because of antiquated dress, his domineering and his way of life, Sir John the ladykiller became "one of the chief sights of Windsor." His delays were a century out of date, his favorite girls being a large knee-length cloak buttoned in front and called a corsetaire after one of Louis XIV's dams who first sported it.

His recurrent advertisements for a wife specified that applicants for the post of Lady Dinsley could be of any age, provided they had a shabby fortune. Windsor, he added, would need more than young women—presumably to compensate for their faded looks.

Whenever Dinsley received his pension he made a beddin for London, "under the flattering idea that some lady of fortune might fall in love, either with his person or his title."

In London he frequented Vauxhall Gardens and the theaters, spent the ladies but taking care to avoid "disturbing" girls. He did not, however,

object to the modest sort of woman. If the old actor thought a "woman master" or "laid master" had not a chance his way, he approached, made a curtsy-bow, presented her with a piece of paper and retired. The paper contained his latest offer of marriage which was always a prospectively bettering repetition of the one before.

Often he became the butt for the young bloods, who would dress up in women's clothes and parade Vauxhall Gardens until Dowsley made his proposal. On other occasions he was even less lucky, for they simply waited till he passed by in the street and threw the contents of the shopkins over him.

He died in November, 1859, three years before London saw the last of van Buren.

By then London had a new and original drink who drove a blue carriage in the form of a cockleshell. Inside the carriage was an enormous gilt mirror with outspread wings over an illuminated scroll bearing the motto: "While I live I'll move."

The stage of the carriage was in the form of a master; the trappings were ornamented with crowing crests in silver, while another cockle shell surrounded the bar between the horses. To cap it all, the buffers of the coachman and man servant bore as they crept the image of a cockle.

The carriage belonged to an eccentric actor known as "Cock-a-doodle-doo" or "Romeo" Costes, the most puffed Lethario in town. He was loaded with money from the proceeds of a West Indian sugar plantation, and could have been a leading man of fashion of the Regency period, but for his overwhelming love for Shakespeare.

As such he had an enormous following, not because of his brilliance as a Shakespearean actor, but because whenever he appeared there was sure

to be a riot—a riot of laughter.

For "Cock-a-doodle-doo" Costes allowed lines to suit himself, lectured the audience from the stage, talked in acquaintanceship on stage-boxes during the middle of an act and argued with his fellow actors on the boards.

His favorite parts were Romeo and Lethario, but the stage had seldom seen older men. On his first appearance in *Hamlet*, the audience hissed him, threw apples and orange-peel on the stage, and laughed.

A thousand "lairs" were turned away when he made his London debut at the Haymarket. All the great—dramas, comedies, vaudeville and the Portuguese antithesis—were there in representation of an upstart. They were not disappointed.

The play had to be abandoned in the fourth act, with Costes shaking his fist at the interlopers.

At his next Haymarket appearance, the player opposite him named his extravaganzas, and asked, as if the words were in Romeo and Juliet:

"Why drive you in state about the town?"

"With carriage and pair, your chest a cock!"

During the laughter that followed, Costes wanted to light his tormenter and pulled off his coat. The audience responded with shouts of "Long Costes!", "Driving Costes!", "Romeo Costes!" and "Pony Costes!"

The other actor then apologized. Costes consorted with friends in a box whether he should accept or not and then shook hands. The play then proceeded.

Later, when Romeo "billed" his opponent, a member of the audience threw an orange at the corpse and hit it on the nose. With a cry of pain, the "corpse" rose and stalked off the stage. That was the signal to pull Romeo off the stage too.

Pelted out of London, Costes went

on a tour of the Provinces and after being "roasted" at Birmingham visited Shakespeare's birthplace. On his movement he wrote:

"His name is eminent in still Boats."

"And is shared by Robert Costes."

Having thus made his "pilgrimage," the actor returned to London with renewed hope, but was so severely heckled that he decided to give up the game and "to contribute more freely in purse than in person" to the stage.

It nearly broke his heart when his wattle-shell carriage fell to pieces, but

he soon started London with another. It was made of copper, shaped like a bottle-bottom on two large serpents, with lashings of counter cushions and his old motto: "While I live, I'll move." He drove around London with two bearded servants, who had their orders to keep a "respectful distance."

Still an ardent theatre-goer, he was finally crushed between two parades on February 15, 1858, after attending the grand annual concert at Drury Lane Theatre. He died six days later, aged 75.

London was without a public figure of fun for the first time for a century.



DEADLIER than the MALE



Blackbeard was no slacker compared to female. She poisoned 20 people

JACK GODWIN

A NOTED English criminologist was once asked if he could imagine a worse assassin in any community than Jack the Ripper. "Yes," he replied, "Jane the Ripper!"

The shillingbury expert was voicing an opinion that police the world over have been unconscious about for a long time—that there is no branch of the underworld, from theft and fraud to mass-murder, in which women have not proved themselves the deadliest sex.

Helen Landra, the French "Blackbeard" publicized in 1932 for the murder of ten women and one boy who a rank amateur compared to Belle Gunness, her female counterpart. Belle not only slaughtered some 14 people—who also escaped scot-free.

A five-foot-seven Amazon, weighing 200 pounds, Belle Gunness purchased a farm near the American town of La Porte, Indiana, in 1903. She married a local Norwegian, with whom she lived for seven months.

He was killed when a heavy sack greater fell from the wall and struck him on the head. The jury brought in a verdict of "accidental death" and in his growing widow went the Norwegian's 4,000-dollar life insurance policy.

From then on, for many years, Indiana matrimonial journals carried regular advertisements asking if there was a "kind, honest man, preferably Scandinavian, who would help a hard-working widow raise the mortgage on her farm."

There were many. John Moss came from Minnesota with a thousand dollars in cash; Ole Backberg from Wisconsin with two thousand; Andrew Halgelein arrived from South Dakota with 200 dollars and a chest of personal love letters in his wallet. These and many others passed through Belle's fingered eyes and shortly afterwards vanished without a trace.

So it went on until the night of April 11, 1908, when the Gunness farm caught fire and burned to the ground. Neighbors searching the hot ashes came across the charred bodies of Belle's son and two daughters.

Some suspicious-looking depressions in the ground of the backyard were struck with shovels and revealed four gunpockets containing the well-preserved bodies of Ole Backberg, Andrew Halgelein, and two children who had been left in Belle's care.

Four more gunpockets and hundreds of scattered human bones were discovered the next day. After the police had placed them together, the total number of bodies was 14.

A half-witted farmhand named Langphere later confessed that he had helped Belle bury "about half a dozen or so" people. According to him, Gunness preserved her widowedness by dragging her current husband's coffin, then betting him to death

with a meat-chopper. The female "Blackbeard" was never found, and to this day the people of La Porte swear that Belle is still alive and lurking somewhere in the country.

The world's shilliest confidence tricksters are still trying to beat the record set up by Lydia Chadwick at the turn of the century. Lydia has the distinction of being the only housewife extoller ever to cause the failure of a bank.

The daughter of an impoverished Canadian farmer, Lydia Chadwick had already served a three-year sentence for forgery when she appeared in the office of a prominent Boston banker. To the incredulous banker she "revealed" that she was the illegitimate daughter of the steel tycoon Andrew Carnegie, then still living, and wished to make a loan without her father's knowledge.

The banker demanded proof and named three witnesses to accompany Lydia to New York. There they watched while she drove up in Carnegie's mansion, rang the bell and disappeared inside. Twenty minutes later she was back.

She returned to Boston and showed the banker a promissory note for half a million dollars, signed by the steel king himself. "Please keep this quiet," she added, "Dad would hate the idea of me borrowing money."

Lydia made several loans and repaid them promptly, except the last which she invested in good sound securities. Then she visited another banker, Sir Reynolds, of Cleveland, to her home and let him into her "secret." The pile of good securities lay where the banker could see them plainly while Lydia was busy stuffing an envelope with others. Winking him the folder, she declared that it contained bonds to the value of 14 million dollars and asked him to keep it safely in a vault.

BEAUTY IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

The curves all are perfection,
The lines are all sweet,
You can gaze with long affection

Upon the scene awaiting:
Your eye can follow the nose
and foil

Of the contour, and study its
moder

But search as you will you'll
find nothing at all

Like a beautiful country road!

—EX-REX

Reynolds, impressed by the heap of securities on Lydia's desk, declined to inspect the sealed envelope and willingly issued a receipt showing that Lydia Chadwick had handed to his wife keeping a folder containing securities worth 14 million.

Half a dozen banks advanced her staggering sum. The National Bank of Chicago, Ohio, alone was loan to the tune of \$5,000,000 dollars.

It was several years before the bubble burst. A committee of banks called on Andrew Carnegie. They were referred to an attorney named that the note allegedly bearing the steel king's name was a forgery and that he definitely did not have any Reynolds' daughter.

When the envelope on Mr. Reynolds' wall was opened it was found to be stuffed with worthless paper. The following day the National Bank of Chicago collapsed. Lydia was arrested, convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to ten years in the State Penitentiary, where she died in October, 1911. The exact cause of her death has never been determined, but the

police estimated it at between six and seven million dollars.

In the realm of passion, too, a woman rules supreme. Geness Gottfried, the German dancer whose pretty head was chopped off in 1838, was responsible for the death by arsenic of some 30 people. The list included both her parents, children, brother and three husbands.

The man seems to have entered the soul of dangled, nervous Geness when she discovered that her first husband, Franz Mittenberg, whom she had married at 17, was not a prosperous merchant as he had pretended. Mittenberg was, in fact, almost bankrupt and a violent drunkard to boot.

Geness bore him two children and stuck out the life as a wretched woman then until she met a young dandy named Anton and fell in love. A few weeks later Franz Mittenberg died in agony after drinking a glass of beer his wife had liberally laced with arsenic. Geness was free to marry her lover.

An unexpected hitch occurred when her parents took a dislike to the young lip and refused to accept him as a son-in-law. Geness first wept, then asserted that "neither probably knew best." That evening the old couple ate a dinner prepared by their loving daughter and died during the night.

Anton, however, developed sudden scruples. He declared that he could not possibly marry Geness so long as her children claimed part of her love. To Anton this seemed a fool-proof excuse—but not to Geness.

She overcame the obstacle by poisoning both of them. Very reluctantly, the dandy allowed himself to be drugged to the ether. He made the mistake for marriage obvious enough to infuriate his bride. Anton became arsenic water number one.

The ground in Bremen was getting

a little hot for Geness, so she moved to Hamburg. There a romance with a wealthy fur dealer named Ringler was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Geness's brother Wolfgang, just returned from the Napoleonic wars. Wolfgang set himself up as a keeper of his sister's morals and thrust Herr Ringler out of the house. Geness, who had watched the scene dramatically, went to prepare her brother's supper. The next morning Wolfgang died after horrible stomach cramps.

Ringler and Geness were married and the fur dealer lived two months before he went the way of his predecessors. As Geness later put it in court "I couldn't stand his bad breath much longer."

A paid friend, Kathrin Hoff, was next in line, followed by a long series of young and middle-aged lovers who

lived just as long as it suited Geness. Fate caught up with the pretty poisoner at 323. She had wiped out the entire family of a politician named Ruml who was foolish enough to hire her as a cook. One day Herr Ruml discovered a jar sprinkled with white powder. He took it to a chemist for analysis.

Geness was charged with the murder of Mrs. Ruml and her two children only—the rest of the list she revealed from sheer bravado. Unmoved by the death sentence, she confided to her attorney that the only thing that worried her was that her people would discover that she had false teeth.

On April 3, 1838, Geness Gottfried was executed on the guillotine. Her last request was to hear a joke from the prison guard. "A nice naughty one, if you please."



Horribly mauled by a bear, Hugh Glass crawled over 110 miles of rugged country.

JAMES HOLLIDGE



HE REFUSED TO DIE

BESIDE a creek on the prairies of South Dakota one August day in 1823, frontiersmen, buffalo-hunter and scout Hugh Glass fought a savage, head-to-head battle to the death with a 1000-pound, nine-foot-tall grizzly bear.

Man and beast had surprised each other in a secluded spot on the bank. Pushing his way through dense brush, following the stream to which he had come to fill his waterkin, Glass almost stumbled over the bear, enjoying a hearty breakfast on a loose carcass.

With his single-shot, muzzle-loading musket of those days, the hunter put a shot above the bear's heart, but it did not stop its lumbering advance.

There was no time to run before the animal, a terrifying monster of rage and ferocity now, was upon him. Knelt in head, Glass tried to defend himself, slashing viciously at its heart.

It was not enough to save himself from a horrible mauling. With a savage swipe of a powerful forepaw, the grizzly knocked him to the ground.

Maddened by the pain of its own wounds, it proceeded to claw chunks of flesh from the man's back, buttocks and legs, and to rip his face and shoulders with horrible, mutilating slashes.

A few hours later, the end of the fur-trapping expedition for which

Hugh Glass—lean, tough and middle-aged—was scout and hunter came upon his body. Nearly, in near-dying condition, lay the bear.

One of the trappers bled and dressed Hugh Glass' wounds. He was unconscious most of the time, but moving him on horseback was out of the question. The expedition, in constant fear of Indian attack, could not tarry.

Major Henry, the leader, called for two volunteers to stay behind and care for the hunter. "The Healy old Hugar'll die before morning," he announced. "The volunteers will have to give him a decent burial and then ride on to join the rest of us. If he should linger on for a day or so, they'll have to stay with him. That's a chance they'll have to take."

No one stepped forward. The Major then offered a bonus of 50 dollars to each volunteer, and two young trappers—Hedger and Wagoner—agreed to stay with Hugh Glass.

For five days, isolated in the vast prairie wilderness, the two waited for the wounded man to die.

Occasionally he required assistance, but most of the time he lay in a coma, shivering away as delirium. Gradually power grew in his two companions as they realized the gap was increasingly widening between them and safety with the rest of the party.

On the morning of August 24, 1823 they took the easy way out. They killed each other thinking the belief that Glass could not live much longer, and it was madness to stay with him.

Taking his blanket, powder and ball, hunting knife and flint with them, they left him on a rough couch of logs and made off.

They caught up with the expedition a week later, and handed over Glass's effects to Major Henry as proof of the hunter's death.

A day or so after the cruel pair

had left him, Hugh Glass recovered consciousness and realized what had happened.

In him at that moment was born an indomitable will to live and to save himself—so he could avenge their desertion.

And save himself Hugh Glass did, in one of the greatest feats of human endurance on record. Driven only by the power of hate, and suffering from wounds that prevented him from standing up or even sitting on his haunches, he crawled to safety through 110 miles of rugged, Indian-infested territory. Sometimes his pain was such that he could not even crawl, but had to squirm along on his belly like a snake.

The nearest white settlement was at Fort Kiowa, on the Missouri River, more than 100 miles to the east. Glass knew that he had to get there if he was to live. With incredible determination he set forth on his hands and knees.

His progress was slow and painful. Roots and snags, mostly gnawed, were his food. His drink he lapped up like an animal from stagnant pools he came across.

Day after day Hugh Glass moved forward. Once a settler's house crossed his path. He grabbed it as it stood, and with his bare hands squirmed and knocked the life out of it. It provided sustenance for three days.

Often he saw bands of marauding Indians in the distance, but by lying flat on the ground or slipping into holes and covering himself with grass and weeds, he managed to keep out of their path.

On the 10th day he reached the Missouri River, 50 miles from his starting point. In the waters of the river he found fat, lumpy catfish, some of which fell victim to a crude spear fashioned from a stick.

Glass stayed there three days, feast-

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS

▲ **THEORY** that you can tell a man's nationality by the way he goes off on a vacation has been developed by a Swiss hotelkeeper. "The Frenchman," he says, "takes a holiday with his mistress, the Italian climbs into a railway carriage with his wife and some children, the Englishman packs off with his golf clubs—but the American takes a vacation with somebody he's trying to sell something to."

ing. Then he managed to find the river and crested off on his own lap—to the Chayenne River, more than 25 miles farther on.

A windfall came one night when, steering in a hollow as he tried to catch some sleep, he heard the pawing of wolves.

It took Glass hours to reach the carcass of the sheep before the wolves had killed. By that time the pack had satiated for the time being, had gone off to sleep. He slithered through the grass and snuck his teeth into the torn flesh.

When his hunger was sated, he dreamed strips of meat off the flanks and pulled out the liver and other tasty morsels. Dropping them around his neck, he crested off again on his way.

The meat lured Glass until he reached the Chayenne River, where he hoped to find more fish. The water, however, was too readily for spearing, and starvation was again looming.

He crossed the Chayenne lying flat on a log, and there was only open

country now to the Missouri. But the chilly nights and autumn rains were driving people into the interior. Only a few prospectors came his way, and he was reduced to chewing bark.

Glass pressed on. His wounds were healing, and, although he could not yet stand up, he could make further progress now that thick colonies had developed on his hands and knees.

At last there came a day when he crested up the bank of the Missouri. By landmarks, he reached Fort Keown lay about 40 miles downstream. Undeterred, he prepared to set off again.

Then luck brought a couple of trappers down the river in a boat. They picked him up, fed him and cut him a rough scratch so he could at last walk upright. A week later, on November 1, 1833, he hobbled up to the gates of the fort.

For Hugh Glass his journey was just starting. The next spring, his health recovered, this man with a mission—to kill the two men who had deserted him—set out after the Henry expedition.

Many months later, a ghostly-looking apparition in tattered buckskins, with a heavy beard and horrible scars where one side of his face should have been, he pounded into one night on the path of the stockade in the Montana Rockies which the party had built.

A trapper opened up, took one look at him in the light of an uplight lantern, then jumped back and screamed the gods in his face.

He rushed to Major Henry. "The Hugh Glass," he cried. "Or if it isn't I've seen a ghost."

The Major strode out and opened the gate himself. Glass entered, rifle at the ready. "It's all right, Major," he announced. "I'm no ghost. Now show me the two who left me to die. I've come a long way for

this. I will kill them, as they deserve."

He was told that Bridges and Fitzgerald had left the party to join the army. They were stationed at Fort Atkinson, 200 miles away in Nebraska.

Major Henry gave him a horse and the unweakening old plainsman set off once again after his quarry.

"I've come to kill a couple of men," he told the officer of the day when he eventually turned up at Fort Atkinson.

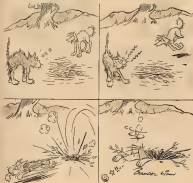
Surprisingly, however, he let himself be talked out of it. "Bridges and Fitzgerald are now in the army," the officer told him slowly. "As a

American you can't shoot other Americans who wear their country's uniform."

The old fellow scratched his head. "Guess you can't," he replied. "I'll wait till they get out of the army."

A few years later, Hugh Glass was trapping on the upper Missouri when he heard that the two men were soon due for discharge. He packed a number of buffalo skeletons going south and headed for Fort Atkinson.

On the way the entire party was massacred and scalped by Red Indians. Thus Hugh Glass never did get his revenge, the thought of which had kept him alive on his incredible march.



There are many human beings who have tails. Is this a threat to the ape?



L. MACKAY PHELPS

MEN WITH TAILS

SOME years ago, a strange baby was exhibited at Johns Hopkins Medical Society in Baltimore. It resembled a normal baby in every respect except that it had a tail about eight inches long.

This tail was no ordinary deformity, but the genuine thing, for this was normal, healthily pinkish, and contained a few fine hairs.

By a delicate surgical operation, the tail was successfully removed.

So far as is known, the baby grew up to live a perfectly normal life.

In the U.S. alone over the past fifty years, numerous tails have been reported.

If we include other countries where accurate medical records are kept, the total goes into the hundreds. In addition, many other instances of tailed babies have failed to reach the medical journals simply because the doctors concerned failed to "write up" the phenomenon. Doctors often remove tails from young babies simply as a matter of course, and may not even inform the parents—who might be

amused or alarmed—of the fact.

There are actually tribes where tailed babies are born in great numbers. Best known among these are the Dyaks of Borneo and the head-hunting Igonas in the Philippines. There are so many tailed Dyaks that explorers and others have referred to them as "monkey people." But there are also numerous other tailed peoples—in Pongany, the African Soudan, Ethiopia, the Loma Coast, Kurdistan, Palestine, Southern India, China, Russia, Sum, and many of the Pacific Islands.

Toward the close of the last century, a ten-year-old girl was exhibited in Europe as "the missing link." She had been brought to the Norwegian explorer Karl Back as the daughter of a "tailed jungle family" while he was travelling in Siam. Her parents were both dead—but both had possessed tails. The natives believed that many tailed families inhabited the deep jungles.

This girl greatly resembled a monkey—only she was human. Her nose was flat as a chimpanzee's, her lips were thick, and her entire body was heavily covered with hair—including a thick, bushy growth on top of her head and tufts on her face. Her tail was so long that it was not possible for her to act as normal humans do.

Incidentally, she was returned to Siam and people of her "tribe" after having been presented with a large supply of trinkets and other gifts.

Many tailed people exhibit pronounced human characteristics. They are not necessarily the children of aboriginal, jungle-dwelling parents. For example, Dr. Carl Hensley describes in the famed "Viviparous Animals" (Vol. 186) a girl born in Altonburg, Saxony, in 1885.

This baby, the illegitimate daughter of a farm girl, was so reared in ignorance that the midwife ran out of

the house screaming that a monkey had been born and that its sin was the Devil's! Had the village priest not promptly intervened, the superstitious country folk would have killed both mother and child.

The child had an abnormally flat face and was completely covered with hair at birth. Its tail, curved like a monkey's and possessing great mobility, was about a foot long.

For four years, Dr. Hensley kept the "monkey girl" at his hospital. He thought at first that its hair would fall out after a few days, but instead it grew as luxuriantly as an ape's. Except for the flat face, the hair, and the tail, the child appeared like a normal girl of average intelligence. She died at the age of four of pneumonia.

At the headwaters of the Yarrow River in the Amazon basin live another tailed tribe. One of the superstitions of other natives living in the area is that the females of the tailed tribe have had sexual relations with the earth monkeys which inhabit the region. (This, of course, is an erroneous notion; cross-breeding of humans with any of the apes is impossible, which proves that man is a different species, despite many similarities. Man is not an ape, nor is an ape a man. Lions and tigers, on the other hand, are both closely related members of the cat species and hence can be successfully mated, producing the hybrid tiger.)

There are many reports of tailed tribes in Africa, all close to the Equator. Some have very long tails.

There are tailed men and women in Central Africa who are initiated by "bam fortune" tribes, whose members use artificial tails made of heavy skin for ceremonial occasions.

Not all tailed peoples are venerated. In Kurdistan and Turkmenistan, whose tails two inches in diameter

PEEPING JOEY

A WOMAN who had recently acquired a parrot and a monkey hung their caps out of the way as the bathroom when she had visitors calling. One evening one of the visitors entered and proceeded to take a bath. The monkey stepped in silently and bellowed "Peep! Peep!"

"Peep nothing!" screamed the parrot. "I'm going to take a good look."

have been reported, they were degenerated and hated, which resulted in their infanticide. There is considerable evidence that the abnormally long tail may be transmitted to the descendants, particularly if both parents are tailed. At least 600 families with one or more tailed members have been reported as living at one time in Yorkshire.

At the Gynaecological Clinic in Strasbourg, in 1885, a 24-year-old girl, who had a small tail approximately three and one-half inches long, gave birth to an (identifiable baby with exactly the same type of tail. Both tails were "monkey-like."

Yet at the same clinic a few years earlier, an attractive young girl was successfully operated on for the removal of a tail that was "fully developed and bulky at the tip." She subsequently married and gave birth to several normal children.

Thus it may be that very close inbreeding, especially the incestuous relationships that have been noted among several tailed tribes, are ne-

cessary to produce high percentages of tailed offspring.

The "monkey-men of Borneo," have been observed by many white men. The Dyaks are a large tribe, numbering from three to four million people, and the tailed humans are mingled with the normals in considerable numbers. There is a persistent native belief that the Dyaks all descended from monkey-men, who in turn descended from monkey-gods.

How many tailed Dyaks are there? Anthropologist W. F. Alder examined 10 natives in a single village, and found that six of them were tailed. Explorers who have traversed up the great rivers into the interior jungle lands almost universally report that a common sight is "the benches on which the natives are accustomed to sit, each perched in a convenient spot with a small hole, allowing the tail to pass comfortably through."

Tailed people have been reported throughout history. The ancient historians Ptolemy and Cleodem, for example, both mention men of Ceylon who had "long hair and tails and wore of remarkable softness of hair." Marco Polo writes of men in Sumatra "with long tails." The 15th Century English scientist Dr. William Harvey knew of the tailed men of Borneo.

That people often have tails is proven beyond doubt. But what causes these tails?

Any student of human embryology knows that at one stage of its development the unborn human child possesses a tail.

But the tail, like the appendix, is useless to the human race now. It is said to be a "holdover" from remote ancestors that appears sporadically and that may, however, be transmitted through the generations by selective breeding once it reappears. Its "holdover" nature is indicated by

Hirsch in "Medical Anomalies" that "There are a great many cases in which the anatomical relationships of the tail are such as to indicate that it owes its existence to the persistence of at least part of the vestigial tail found in every human embryo."

It is known that every living creature—including man—repels the entire history of the ancestry from a single-celled being to its present stage of development in the growth of the embryo. The human embryo, for example, begins with a single cell, and at an early stage of its development has fish-like gills, showing that in the remote past our ancestors lived in the sea.

Anthropologists now generally agree that some half-million years ago there were several types of ape-like creatures on earth. They all lived in trees, and all were tailed. Most of them remained in the trees they de-

veloped into the apes of to-day. But one, bolder than the rest, elected to descend to the ground to learn to walk erect and become Man.

It is now generally conceded that our pre-human ancestors had tails. Now and then the tail reappears as one of one-half a million years out of date. If it is unaccompanied by other pre-human characteristics—such as the human face, a pharynx of both, and sometimes apish intelligence—it is seldom more than a mild embarrassment. Generally, but not always, it can be removed by a simple operation.

Everybody, as a matter of fact, has several vertebrae of a tail tucked on the end of his spine. If the tail is a little longer than usual, it's no great cause to worry. By and by, the human tail is vanishing from our species as surely as the vermiform appendix.



BOOM IN BLACK MAGIC

MAVIS GALLANT



Witchcraft did not die in the Middle Ages. Some European folk believe in it today.

EARLY last July, behind the locked doors of an ancient windmill on the Isle of Man, the strongest conviction of the year was held. It was a conference of witches, called to-mother by a solitary British businessman. Their purpose, he explained, was not only innocent but rather scientific. They wanted to discuss ways and means of using witchcraft for the betterment of mankind.

"I know a number of practicing witches," he said. "They are quite nice people. They no longer ride on broomsticks, consort with Satin, or impose curses on people. They only wish to do good."

This healthy aim is probably quite true of the witches of Britain. But their opposite numbers in Europe, Germany, France and Scandinavia, would undoubtedly consider them a fairly splintered society.

European witches would lose their status in the community in no time if they went around swapping spells and holding conventions. They exist, not to better the modern world, but to preserve their centuries-old trouble-making specialization. They raise crops, kill cattle, and cause anything from a cold in the hand to everlasting madness.

And sorcerers' business is good

these days. Nearly all remote communities, and some not so remote, support working witches. The witches can be either men or women.

And in the little, far-off mountain communities there word is law. They can cure disease or cause it. They can detect the presence of evil spirits. They know who in the village has the "evil eye," and what can be done about it.

How extreme this can become was shown in a trial in Italy not long ago, at which a young Italian in his early twenties, Armando Antonetti, was convicted of murdering his aunt because he believed she had put the evil eye on his family.

When things began to go wrong with the Antonetti family, Armando consulted the local magician, a powerful and much-feared individual called Comendatore di Giandomo. The magician quite literally ran the little village of Giandomo di Monte Asuto.

Di Giandomo agreed with the young man that his family was bewitched. Someone, he said, had put the evil eye on the house. Antonetti insisted they had no enemies. Then, said the sorcerer, it was a friend, someone they didn't suspect.

To find out who it was, he gave the young man an old but relatively un-complicated spell.

The family was told to fill a huge cauldron with dirty clothing and water. This they were to bring to a hot oven on open flames. As the clothing steamed, the entire family walked around the fire once to heat it with sticks. All this, of course, in the dark. During the ritual, he promised, the culprit would arrive and knock at the door.

The ritual was barely under way when there was a knock at the door. It was young Antonetti's aunt, a 55-year old woman, who had innocently chosen this moment for a visit. The

Antonetti said nothing. But the following evening, Armando trapped her and beat her to death.

He was sentenced to 15 years. But the sorcerer, who was tried for letting to murder, was acquitted. There was no evidence against him, since nobody in the village had the courage to testify.

Witnesses kept glancing nervously behind them as they gave evidence, fearing that some demon or apparition would suddenly appear. The judge, annoyed, asked why all the witnesses stood on one foot or they were being sworn. It turned out that this ensured them from having to tell the truth as they gave their evidence.

This happened not 100 years ago, but last year. Nor was it the only event of its kind, though few were so serious. Since the end of the war there has been a revival of sorcery, and the belief in it, in Europe.

Not only do the Italians and superstitious believe in witchcraft. An educated European man who studies sorcery as a hobby, consulted for this article, said quite seriously:

"More than two-thirds of the people you see in mental hospitals are not ill, but possessed with a demon they can't get rid of. The treatment given them by doctors is a thorough waste of time."

Getting rid of the demon was difficult, he admitted, because it couldn't be helped by an outsider. The victim had to do it himself, a feat requiring years of training.

However, less disciplined people take the easy way, and hire someone to do it.

Most witchcraft, however, is not so complicated, involving simple things like bewitching cattle or unskilled babies, or causing droughts, or putting the evil eye on someone. Blinked in the evil eye is probably the strongest superstition of all, and one of the

SEXU-ANATOMICAL ANALYSIS OF HOMO SAPIENS

People, who are alleged to have a brain,
Usually cheating to use it to complain
About something — it seems it makes them feel good
To explain why something or other's bad. Who would
Think that with all they have to do, they'd be
Bothered to talk so long, so bitterly
About small irritations; then, at the end of their tether,
With everything else all right, complain about the weather?
And people, confronted with a fellow homo:
Having nothing to say, but a keen desire to spit,
Produce such horseshit as "I hope you're well!"
When actually they'd like to use the man in hell
People—you are alleged to have a brain,
I said it once, I say it now again,
And further say, with all my powerful lungs,
That I'd believe it — except that you have tongue!

— EL-KEE

diest. People who possess this power are supposed, simply by looking at the victim, to cause illness, death, convulsions and poverty.

Sometimes, if the power is a witch, the course is deliberate. But sometimes the whole thing is unintentional, and the possessor of the evil eye simply can't help himself. Unless he walks around with his eyes closed, he lays waste to the whole village.

Unconscious owners of an evil eye are, of course, the most difficult to track down. A recent example of this involved a German farmer who was tried in Düsseldorf for having the village blacksmith with a shovel. The farmer, 80-year-old Johannes Balthaus, claimed that his cows became ill for no evident reason.

"I know," he told the court, "that they had been bewitched. They had had evil spirits and poisons and wished on them."

This, another combination of the superstitions and the modern, resulted in a fine of \$18 or 60 days, with, apparently, no compensation for the unemployed blacksmith Johannes Kraus, a witchcraft expert called in to advise the court, explained helpfully that "Every village on this earth (Germany) has its own witch."

Protecting cattle against the evil eye involves a number of rites, the most usual of which is sprinkling the horns with melted wax from a blessed candle. Theological farmers, having protected their herds and houses by this method, save a little of the wax to sprinkle on their children's hair, as this, they believe, prevents sore throat.

Nest to cattle, crops are most seriously endangered by the evil eye. In some parts of France, farmers protect themselves by saving egg shells which have been saved from the pre-

vious Mardi Gras. Doves, the evil eye?

In the peasant folklore of Europe, eggs and cattle take precedence over wives and children when it comes to defense against black magic. Unbaptized babies, however, are very vulnerable.

One of the most unattractive strongholds of superstition on the continent is the province of Brittany, in France, and here, as remote areas, western babies are still carried to church for baptism with a bit of bread in each armpit . . . to protect them.

Asked if he could provide any useful spells, the witchy expert consulted suggested two. If a young girl wishes to dream of her future husband, she should fall asleep on her left side, and recite any rhyme containing the following three names: Guepard,

Balthaus, and Melchior. Almost any rhyme will do. There are many in existence, but a clever girl can make up her own.

The second spell, perhaps of dubious value to city dwellers, is called "How to Pass on a Wall," and begins "Take three kinds of bark, a little brown blood, and dried bread with magic properties . . ."

To the witches who met in England, all this is primitive stuff. Their equipment, 250 items of it, included a magic wand, a number of warty warts, and an altar covered with cabalistic signs.

How all this can be turned to "doing good in the modern world" remains to be seen. Continental witches, still earning a tidy income and paying the rent with magic things like sending sheep mad and manufacturing love potions, have made no comment.

Quitting Time?
drop into AL'S BAR & GRILL

YOUR WATCH GLOW?
JEWELRY SHOP

NO TRAFFIC HEADACHES
ACHE BUS CO

BRING US LITTLE WOMAN HUSBANDS
CORAL FLORISTS

WHEN DAYS WORK IS DONE
TIVOLI THEATRE

THE CASH PAY EVIDENCE!!
AMES FINANCE CO.

Adrienne Lecouvreur was a great actress and loved by many. But she was sad.



the actress who couldn't laugh

WILL DELANY

SHE was the greatest actress of her time and she was dying. Beside her bed stood the handsome man who, of all her paramours, remained her most loyal and best beloved, and alongside them stood a devout priest.

"My child," said the priest, "do you regret your sins?"

"Yes."

"Including that of being an actress?"

The young woman raised her eyes towards the priest, and in them he read revolt.

"Regret being an actress? Not! There is as an sin in being the greatest actress of the day!"

"Then," said the priest, "I must decline to deliver extreme unction."

Death was close now, but suddenly the woman's eyes lit up in fury. With a defiant gesture, she pointed to a bust that stood on the mantelpiece.

"There is my world," she cried passionately. "There is my hope—and, my God!"

The man who had modelled for the bust, who had been the last of her

lovers, started forward, then stopped for Adrienne Lecouvreur, the toast of Paris in the 17th's, was dead . . .

The story of Lecouvreur and the author, Monsieur de Sade, Gaspard de Sade, son of Duke Augustus II of Savoy, was not altogether the world's story of illicit love, for although the actress had known many affairs of the heart, her love for de Sade was inspired by real devotion and selflessness.

Adrienne Lecouvreur was beautiful, magnetic, and, perhaps, a neurotic. The daughter of a passionate French father—who himself died young—she was moody and discontented, but intelligent enough to rise herself from poverty to fame.

It was not until she met Maurice that she learned to love. And at their first meeting, she exclaimed: "Now, for the first time in my life, I seem to live!"

Yet de Sade was to cause her much unhappiness; for, as the son of a king, he sought a crown for himself—and was prepared to sacrifice Adrienne in the achievement of his ambition.

She, too, was ambitious. Even as she worked at the workshops as a child of ten, she used her potential talents to win the sympathies of her fellow handmaids. An instinctive actress, she voiced poems in her clear, passionate child's voice, with an emotion that brought her a welcome from the grand ladies to whom she delivered lectures.

Yet, above, she chose poems of tragedy and gloom. Now, in her subsequent career, could she play a comedy role with success?

She had just entered her teens when her father moved to Paris and, for the first time, she went to school. Immediately, she organized a dramatic society, of which she became the leading lady. Adult theatre was a mystery to her—but when she played in her first tragedy, neighbours who

came to watch her with tolerant amusement, wept at her ability to inspire emotion.

Actors and actresses from the Comédie Française came to encourage the child genius—until they discovered that their benevolence was misplaced, for the 13-year-old Adrienne was taking away their own patrons.

They pointed out that the "Bastille" did not hold a Royal licence, and even attempted to have the children prosecuted for breaking the law. The juvenile players were forced to disband, but Adrienne Lecouvreur had found her vocation and for the next few years continued to pursue it with glowing zeal.

Paris continued to hear of the young genius. At 18, she had gathered more experience than most of the best French actresses—and, incidentally, as many lovers.

Still a gloomy companion, her paramours seldom drew men both to her theatre and her bosom.

Her morbid unpredictability at once brought her lovers ecstasy and despair. She was tender and cruel, selfish and uncompassionate; she rejected beautiful lovers with biting words and abrupt demands, while those whose motives were frankly spiritual were rewarded with great tenderness. She received many offers of marriage—and accepted only one. The man, virtually deserted her on the steps of the church. She had, in the meantime, borne two children.

In 1711, she achieved the ambition which she had so stubbornly pursued; at 23, she joined the Comédie Française.

Overnight, she became a sensation. Her ability enabled her to open a salon to which she invited the nobility of Paris—and they came. Voltaire dedicated a number of poems to her.

She could not learn to laugh with

IMPORTANCE OF SEX

THE first half verse for the chapel-school is coming a lecture from his father on the facts of life, the birds and the bees and simple biology. When he finished, the father said: "If there is anything you don't understand, ask me now, son?" The boy thought for a moment, then asked: "Why do they publish the Saturday Evening Post on a Wednesday?"

her mantle, but her magnetic personality nevertheless brought them around her in droves.

Then Adrienne encountered Maurice, Count de Saxe, four years younger than herself, and son of Duke Augustus and Aurora von Rosenburg. De Saxe had inherited a reputation of ruthlessness and kindness.

For all that, de Saxe was a fine soldier, who was so highly regarded by his men that they were voluntarily ready to follow him anywhere. More, in later years, he developed a twisted sense that made him a dangerous foe.

The French, against whom he had once fought, nevertheless paid him respect, and when he visited Paris he became a great favorite. Tall and as slender as a will, he was a direct contrast to the majority of the men who peopled the Court.

His victories at Court were no less brilliant than those in battle. Once married, he had in three years spent all his wife's money and was steadily becoming deeper in debt. Thus, it became necessary that he should give

more than a passing thought to securing his future good living.

Immediately, he began an intrigue with the Princess de Conti, one of the loveliest women in Paris—and one who was more than ready to be swept off her feet by such a gallant as de Saxe. Forced by the king to marry an exiled Dutchess, she gave in Maurice de Saxe the participation of her dreams.

By countless means, she persuaded her husband to be convinced that she was one night entertaining a lover in her boudoir. The Princess, furiously charging into her room, made accusations against her that left her so heavily embarrassed she left him. These who accompanied the Prince, indeed his secretaries' grandsons, gave her every sympathy.

But the Princess' duplicity failed in its purpose: de Saxe had, in the meantime, met Adrienne Leconteur. Typically, he swept her into his arms.

They remained together for some years—years which, while they seemed not to cause her outward stint of happiness, showed how completely she had fallen under his domination.

When the throne of the Grand Duchy of Courland fell vacant, de Saxe saw an opportunity to attain the royal status of which his daughter-in-law had robbed him. Adrienne, though well aware that the achievement of his ambition would crush her to be lost to her, encouraged him in his purpose.

De Saxe's appreciation of her encouragement manifested itself by his making love to the widow of the late Duke, who stated that the price of the throne was marriage. Another noblewoman—the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia and Peter the Great's daughter—also offered marriage at the same price.

As an alternative, de Saxe asked

Adrienne to further his venture. She sent him everything she had, a trinket of one million francs. She came back to the play, waiting patiently over to the box and, fixing the Duchess, upon the lines:

"She received him gladly, he, on the other hand, was as bowed down by self-pity that he rather neglected or abused her. He turned his attention first to the Duchess of Beaulieu, who welcomed his advances with enthusiasm."

Openly boasting that she had won de Saxe from Adrienne, she attempted to achieve a coup d'état by publicly humbling the actress.

Adrienne was then playing "Thérèse" in Racine's tragedy of that name, and at the splendid performance found herself confronted by a jealous gallery of her rival's enemies. The Duchess was seated in a box close to the stage.

The acting proceeded until the actress, reaching a psychological stage of the play, waited deliberately over to the box and, fixing the Duchess, upon the lines:

"I am not of those women void of shame."

Who, assuming to cross the path of pride,

Harden their faces till they cannot blush."

The Duchess, pale, rose and left the theatre, and the thousands opposite that greeted her rival's back.

On March 15, 1708, Adrienne Leconteur was taken ill at the stage. Although near to collapse, she finished the play. As they bore her to her home, they knew she had been poisoned, and inferred that the Duchess, after all, had had the last word.

Leconteur died four days later, her last words and gestures symbolizing the love that had lasted more years



The End of Arguments



Do Babes Weary?

The general idea that housewives and babes live an idyllic, carefree existence has been exploded by a survey recently conducted by a team of researchers of the Illinois Institute of Technology. They interviewed a number of domestic, criminal and psychotic and compared the results with those obtained from similar questioning of a group of well-to-do businessmen. They found the two groups were concerned about different things—but all worry. Strongly the babe was much more concerned about his personal appearance than the businessman. He also worried about politics, sexual morality, marital difficulties, neighbors and relatives much more than the businessman. All the men interviewed complained about financial difficulties, but the babes were more bowed down with their troubles and more concerned about meeting people and the non-fulfillment of their ambitions than the well-heeled brigade. None of them displayed the well-known I-don't-care attitude they are supposed to exemplify.

Can You Beat Your Wife?

Marital marriage law is a hotbed which has just "erased" through the centuries. It leaves the bride, in many ways, little better off than in the bad old days when she was unconsciously designated as a "dolt!" A husband is legally at liberty

to chastise his wife for misdeeds—ours by hitting her with a stick—provided it is no thicker than his little finger. He also has the right to decide where the couple shall live. Unless she can prove his choice is "sensible and unreasonably," he can drive her off to set up housekeeping in an Eskimo igloo or a Zulu kraal. All the household goods belong to the husband if they were bought out of his money or wages. Even her savings out of the weekly housekeeping money can be legally claimed by his lord and master. A woman, it seems, gives away a lot of her rights when she puts her name on the marriage register.

Does a Crab Walk Sideways?

A sideways pull is a common characteristic of a large number of the many hundreds of different kinds of crabs. Most marine biologists put the answer down to the fact that the crab's body is often broader than it's long. Although most creatures move with the head in front, some, like the starfish and sea anemone, can move equally well in either direction. Lobsters and graysn flip their tails and move backwards. Squids and cuttlefish have a similar habit, but accomplish it by a crude "jet propulsion," forcing out a stream of water through a tube under their heads. Perhaps the kangaroo has the best method of making progress. He always goes ahead in leaps and bounds.

IMPS OF MISCHIEF



Improving the beaches on one of England's beaches as she takes time off from the working world for some fun with waves is 21-year-old Betty Simons. All the way from Adelaide, South Australia, she arrived in London not so long ago and her evident attributes quickly won her a place in the modelling field.



Among Bett's new-found friends is model Monica Curran, also 21, who likes nothing better than a day on the beach away from klieg lights and punctilious photographers. Monica, who has had small parts in films and on stage, believes in maintaining figure with a little rigour when she's down beside the sea.



Keeping a weather eye on her two curvaceous companions is coy but cute Yvonne Adair. Once a naïve showgirl on the London stage, she clings to conservative and proper swimwear on the beach, so, unfortunately, that is the best our cameraman could do for you. And with that you ladies will have to be satisfied.

DAVID had a SLINGSHOT



David started something when he used a slingshot against Goliath. For even deadly weapons have followed

ED DICKEWANN, JR.

[I]n an age which has spawned such lethal weapons as bacterial warfare, the atom bomb and personnel clubs, we're apt to feel that man has reached the summit in the art of legal murder. Yet his skill in helping his fellows from this world did not wane when that peak solely with the advent of gunpowder and the atom.

More than once that world's Goliaths have been brought down by a

little well-thrown legamancy. Now David might have had nothing but a slingshot, but brother, he really started something! Let's take a look at what other Davids have done; and every one of them without benefit of either chemical propellants or atomic assistance.

Take the well-known crossbow, for instance. Still considered a sporting weapon throughout the world, few

of those who use it realize that it was invented by a Greek, one Xaphyrus, of Thessalon, about 300 B.C. Through its popular use in the 15th century, it soon acquired a reputation all its own. For it not only had range shooting up to 300 yards, but it could pierce armor and was undeniably accurate.

A typical steel crossbow of the Middle Ages had a pull of over 1000 pounds! One that you can see in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, has a resistance of 1000 pounds! So deadly and horrible did the crossbow become, that soon after it was introduced it was outlawed.

For one of the most astounding conquests of mankind, we have only to go back to the Chinese-Japanese war of 1154-1183. Where they got it, how or when are unknown, but the Chinese forces actually had a repeating crossbow! Small, with a maximum range of 125 yards, it could shoot ten poison-tipped arrows in 15 seconds!

Equipped with a box magazine running the length of the stock, and an ingeniously simple mechanism, it was perfect for defending fortified positions.

The arrows were made of bamboo like the bow itself, and were not accurate beyond 50 yards. Yet the Chinese repeating crossbow left many a Japanese actually on the slopes of the mountain passes. Entire Jap assault teams were wiped out by the wicked little weapon.

Another weapon, and one that to this day has never been surpassed, was the Turkish Bow. Made of horn, stone and wood, it had a pull of around 100 pounds and could hurl a light arrow over 300 yards!

To fully appreciate that statement, you must realize that no archer, past or present, has ever approached over 100 yards without using the "Tree

style." That is, lying on his back and bracing the bow with his feet. Persson, of Gothenburg, set a record in this manner, in 1934, of just over 400 yards. Yet the Turkish bowmen of the late 15th century thought nothing of shooting between 250 and 350 yards. And in the upright position. These records, set by the Emperor, Sultan Selim, in 1530 yards!

But even these records are said when you hear that the Greeks actually had a pneumatic ballista! It was complete in pattern, hollow cylinders and air-tightness! Of course it was too costly to mass produce.

They finally perfected an automatic model. Called the polybolos, or "many arrows," it had a large cylinder turned by a crank. Four jewels opened per minute it spit out!

Considering the size of both the weapon and arrow, this was indeed a marvelous rate of fire.

Over 1200 years later, this very machine, with its revolving cylinder, was to plant the seed of an idea in the mind of a young inventor. And thereby he gave to the fighting men of his time the present which bore his name: the Gatling gun!

The last catapult was used in warfare as recently as 1913. The Siege of Gibraltar was the scene. The bomb-ers were the French and Spanish fleets.

It seems that a group of Spanish marines had secured a foothold on a ledge that was just out of reach of mortar fire. The situation was desperate until a Lord Northcote had a plan, before General Melville, commanding officer of the British detachments.

Within three days General Melville had constructed a catapult capable of throwing heavy boulders. And the next morning it took only two hours to clear that ledge of Spaniards.

Crime Capsules



WHY MEN KILL

Statistical study of homicides by various authorities in England and the United States reveals that more than half of them are caused by arguments over trifling incidents. The situations that brought them about are various, but most are absurdly trivial. Chief among them are disputes concerning domestic or family affairs. Thus an irate husband beats and kills his wife because his dinner is not ready on time, a drunken youth shoots his mother for remonstrating with him about liquor, a man kills a friend over a bet in a penny police game. More than ten per cent of all murders, it has been estimated, follow quarrels about no more serious affairs than these. Other occasions that cause quarrels frequently leading to homicides are disputes over money or property or over handling of friends or personal affairs. It is significant that in more than 50 per cent of these incidents that result in a killing, either the slayer, the victim or both had been drinking.

NO STOMACH FOR SMUGGLING

A dog snuggles the other day swallowed a container of heroin when captured by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. After a talk with the Mountain, he readily confessed and denounced an immediate opera-

tion to remove the container, which contained 40 capsules of heroin. Had it been left in his stomach, the container would eventually have disintegrated and the released heroin would have killed him entirely.

FORTUNE TELLING FADES

Fortune tellers continue to thrive. Currently more than 10,000 men and women in the United States are making a living from the racket. They include seances, astrologers, tea-leaf readers, crystal gazers, "character-analysts" and "mental-science consultants." Their take has been estimated at \$20 million dollars a year. Harrowing of all is a new type of charlatan, known in the trade as a "cold reader." He diagnoses all sorts of ailments as a crystal ball (which can be moved and produced at will as evidence) or the ghost of your poor departed grandfather (which, an unbeliever can grasp in his hand and reveal as photographic development). The cold reader has no medicine beyond his knowledge of human nature and his cool effrontery. He reads the client's mind "cold," just looking him over and deducing or drawing from his mind his past, troubles, hopes and fears. As long as he remembers to add, "Of course, I do not claim any occult knowledge of the future," it is said that he is legally safe.

BIRD OF PREY



THE DETECTIVE ARRESTED THE KILLER BUT HE BROKE

FREE BUT HE OVERLOOKED AN AVENGING BIRD

NOW there was quiet, the warm, close streets of sleep. Then suddenly, a frightening crash, heavy footsteps on the board flooring and the grey light of dawn flooded his eyes.

"Don't move," came the threatening voice. The blurred outline of a tall, thick-set stranger filled the shack with a dark, slanting shadow.

Joe Neely lay still, momentarily frozen by the shock of discovery.

With one sweeping movement, Foster pulled away the blanket, swiftly checking for weapons concealed under the bedclothes.

"Now get up," he ordered. "On your feet. One false move and I'll let you have it."

Neely sat up as to the edge of the bunk, sitting there naked except for a brief pair of shorts. He was a lean, healthy young man in his early twenties, with a firm, brown body and the powerful shoulders of an athlete.

"On your feet," Foster repeated, menacing him with the revolver. "And outside."

"Six months I've been tailing you," Foster went on grimly. "That's a long time for a killer to be on the loose."

Foster stared at his captive, at the thick blond hair, the narrowed blue eyes still veiled with sleep, the full, anxious lips. He didn't like what he saw, because he knew what went with it, underneath. Neely was a

ALLAN WATKINS • FICTION

Four was a brother of Groomer
 mine
 "While I on this sunny bank
 recline—
 "You do not like the wine, you
 say,
 "You prefer some old year
 them to aye!
 "Well, so do I if it comes to
 that—
 "I'd rather the flag than the
 Victoria's Vail!
 "But beer is scarce — I don't
 repeat,
 Just pour me a brother of
 Groomer wine!"

—FX-BEX

revenge, an offense, a murder, without examples or mercy. His worn-out muscles Detective-Sergeant Foster had spent on the case, and now that it was almost concluded, Foster felt the tense expectancy and strain of the past few hours melting into relief and the gratification of a job well done.

"Well," Neely said in a peevish tone. "Do we wish to go, or wait?" "I ride," Foster retorted. "And you row. And remember this. My master finish's sorry. Ben shot I saw the piece you made of Harrison in that last stick-up job you pulled, I've been wanting to have a go at you."

They crunched over the mud and dark patches of spider grass and sand-dreck. Foster heard the uneasy squawking of a bird.

Neely pointed and swung round, pointing "That's Groom-be's barn keeping his company." He pointed through the scrub, a short distance away, under the massive branches of a life-gaily tree. The cage was about seven feet in height, made of splays and wove. In it, behind the bars, a dirty, scatted sea-bird frantically

tried to bust and extend its wings.

Foster noticed Neely towards the cage. The undesirable fish, the broken feathers blotted about, the obvious suffering of the bird brought from Foster a pang of inconspicuous horror.

Neely chuckled. "Not much spirit in it now, but it kept me amazed. You know something, it can cry like a baby."

Foster swore. He called Neely away side, because there he could think of, but even that was insufficient to cool the heat of his fury.

"Keep your shirt on," Neely said sourly. "I found it on the beach—half drowned. I reckon him to be condemned for saving the damn thing."

"Let it out," the detective snarled. Neely shrugged and pulled open the rough door on one side of the cage. The bird stumbled through, its white-rumped, body eyes glittering with hate, its long sharp beak opening and closing voraciously.

Once clear of the bars it made a weak, clumsy rush in Neely's direction and decided into the sand, struggled to its feet again and leaped past the two men towards the shore, its pant wings flapping pathetically at this unexpected freedom.

Foster's eye had been anchored on the white beach, a short distance away from where Neely's doggy was pulled up on to the sand.

Foster sat in the bow, covering Neely with his gun. He felt uneasy. It was a long way over to the counter-rail of restless water. And the sea was deep in these parts.

They was a hundred yards out from the island beach when Neely showed signs of shakiness.

"Keep it up," Foster ordered. "We've a long way yet."

Suddenly a spray of cold, stinging salt water splashed full into his face. Automatically he screwed up his eyes,

the gun weaving in his hand. And then something caught him violently on the side of the head. With an agonized cry, Foster tried to raise. His feet tangled with each other, and a moment later he was over the stern, the boat cappling with him.

Neely followed the detective, tugging both oars aside and drifting steadily into the gentle swell. He came up ten feet away, between Foster and the island beach, skirting the water out of his eyes and laughing.

"Race you back to shore," he yelled.

Foster did not answer. Luckily the boat was upside down, kept afloat by a pocket of air trapped under the hull. Now he was trying to heave on to the slippery boards, and at the same time almost himself of his unwieldy clothing. It was a difficult job and Neely forced loud amusement in the sight of the thick-set, middle-aged man struggling to keep afloat.

With one last shout of triumph, Neely started swimming. He was about fifty yards from the shore when the shadow shifted across the water in front of him, a large, dark-tinted shadow that suddenly seemed to blanket the sunlight. Pondered, he stopped swimming, breathing water and looking about him.

And then the bird, the same sagged sea-bird he had imprisoned on the island, swooped down from nowhere—the back open, its glass eyes boring into Neely's eyes. He saw the curved talons, the digitifer wings arched in a power drive and heard the hiss of the wind behind it.

The back ripped open his shoulder and drew a throbbing spur of blood. One wing flapped cruelly in Neely's face, blinding, smothering him as he lost control of himself and began to sink.

Forcing himself to the surface, tugging for breath and wiping the fringe of hair from his forehead, Neely saw the bird wheeling for another attack in determined horror he watched it hovering 10 feet above him, and as it dived again, Neely submerged.

He held his breath underwater for as long as he dared, conscious of the killing pain in his shoulder and the red stain darkening the sea, consciousness of the deep, perishing fear sucking the air from his lungs and reason from his mind.

When he finally came up, coughing and gasping, with cramp knotting himself in his belly, the bird was waiting for him. It dropped like a stone and found Neely, frantically waving at his unexpected hand, at his blood-soaked shoulder, biting and snapping with its hard, speckled beak. There was no respite from the winged monster.

In weakening panic and almost because of the incredible violence of the bird, Neely tried wading it off with his hands, feebly splashing the water into foam, drawing and tugging and threatening about in a wild endeavour to escape.

This was now—the present, momentary, uncalculated. The defenseless swimmer and the mad will and the white silence of the sea. The mass of prey and the bird of prey locked in the struggle for survival. One to live one to die . . .

In a few minutes, an eternity of sickening dread, Foster watched the giant bird flying away, gliding in the air current over the island.

Then slowly, fighting the pain in his stomach and talking to himself, just to hear the comfort of his own voice, Foster started splashing out of his water-logged clothes in readiness for the long swim to the beach.

DOHERTY STRIKES A WILDCAT

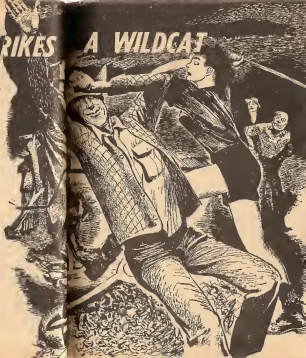
SHE WAS TOUGH AND BROOKED INTERFERENCE FROM NO MAN — AS DOHERTY DISCOVERED

DOHERTY crawled out from under the truck, pulled his blankets into a snug, sat on it and smoked a cigarette. It was early, but the smoke was rising from the crude chimneys of the shacks and huts, and an odd rattling cry was drifting up towards the gully where the best workmen were. The work stretched away on all sides, frenetic, busy, dotted with white dungs.

When it was open, he walked down to the river, a pretty day out of the bluffs, breezed and pillowed and roiled over with currents and dunes. From the door he peered into its distance. It lay a couple of swarming hurricane bastions. There was a girl at the short counter and the sight of her widened his eyes with pleasure.

Garbed in brief dirty shorts, a striped jacket, shirt and heavy boots, she had all the crudeness and budge and not too much of them. Backless, anyway, she could have come right off a magazine cover. Doherty decided, and he had seen plenty of magazines in his lonely backblocks job. He wondered if the two matched, and stopped inside.

He stood beside her, glancing down at the swell of her bosom, the clean profile, the mass of heavy hair. She turned her face quickly, meeting his stare, and there was the wildness of an animal



D'ARCY HILAND • FICTION

In a certain European capital, shortly after the war a junior attaché and his wife were once commanded to attend a dinner party. They were lounging down one of the city's bombarded streets. Suddenly their jeep halted near a gaping hole, and the wife was tumbled out of the vehicle on to a pile of rubble. Drained and unsteady she was taken home by her husband. The following day the telephoned her husband in apology, and was told: "My dear, it was most commendable of you. You simply saved my seating arrangement!" Stopped back the young wife "Your seating arrangement? What do you think it did to mine?"

in the movement. She had passing brown eyes, slightly tilted, and a stain of red in her brown skin. Instantly, Deberly felt antipathetic—an antipathy that spurred desire and contempt in him.

"Why, Dave?" he boomed in brown goodfellow, patting an arm around her and squeezing the flesh of her hip. "What in the world are you doing here?"

The girl twisted away from him like a cat, and forcefully made to step her feet, but he caught her arm easily. She looked out and pain about the smile of his face. He grabbed her left arm and hopped.

"Keep your dirty paws to yourself!" the girl fumed. "And don't think I came down on the last shower."

She walked out with the sager bag of groceries along over her shoulder, and carefully Deberly looked at the splashing stockbroker.

"Is this what you've brought me in?"

"He brought you?" chorused Thorry Bishop. "Men, I was only the poor old who had a few drinks with you yesterday. It was you who talked me into bringing you here. You reckoned

you'd had Port Angeles. Remember?"

Deberly smiled at the memory of the long lurching ride that ended at midnight with him seeking his bed under the truck on the field.

"She's come back, that piece. Who is she?"

"Lily Ames." Thorry Bishop laughed. "Make you haven't got a show."

"I'll bet she'll make good outing," Deberly said. "She got a muleback?"

"No. On her own. Her old lady snuffed it six months ago. They used to work together; now Lily goes alone."

Four people had come into the store, and Deberly had had come back later. As he turned to go out, he bumped heavily into a man standing just inside the door, and grabbed the man's arm to steady himself.

"Why in hell don't you look where you're going?" the man rasped.

Deberly looked at the bearded face, the bloodshot eyes he got a whiff of cheap whine. "Sorry, mate," he mumbled.

He attempted to step around the man, but the man blocked his way. "What'd you say?"

Deberly stood square. Never antipathetic with the man who wanted to get money hop into him from the hell. That was his principle. He stood deliberately close to the man's face and his words were soft and sure. "What'd I say? I said what dirty big words you have, goodie."

The tension struck. There in the store watched, expectant. Deberly waited with his big fish twitched. The bearded man glared. Then he shrugged, and slid towards the counter. Deberly went out.

Lily Ames, with pink and shaved over her shoulders, was just leaving her check on Deberly's pet there. He took off his hat, and made "You come in apologize to you, Lily."

"I don't want your apology," she snapped. "And don't call me Lily."

Deberly looked her up and down, drinking in her shapeliness and wild beauty. "Listen," he said. "I don't know the first thing about you. You could show me the ropes, and even I know them you wouldn't get a better partner. And you need a partner."

She brushed past him, and he returned back to the store where Thorry Bishop and he had arranged accommodation for him over on the field.

"That My way you tangled with a white one," Bishop said. "Watch! Thank you ought to watch him. He's got a mate, Jackson some one, fifteen acres. Couple no-boppers, both of 'em."

"Dinner?"

"Back it through a dirty sock. He-baby's got any time for dinner. They won't work, and I'm not proboscis! Yes, say longer—as they'll have to push on. And the manner the better."

Deberly went down a few shafts that afternoon, and soon got the hang of aped muck. Until he got a mate to help sink a new shaft, he decided

to try one of the numerous old abandoned holes, taking the drive in further.

When he came up out of the hole for the twentieth time, he saw Lily Ames in her chain two places away. She was at the top of the crater-like dump, winding the windmill in being up the laden cowhide bucket.

He walked over to him. "Give any more thought to that partnership idea of mine, Lily?"

She ignored him.

"Both of us need a mate," he went on. "Cute down the time, makes the job easier. Why don't we team up?"

She straightened up. He saw the sweat dripping from her chin, the heave of her bosom. "Talk for yourself, you! It's like your damned kids to say I need a mate. I need no one. I can do as well as any man and better than most."

Deberly studied her for a minute. "Watch maybe is isn't such a good idea at that," he said slowly. "Working with a compromised bitch covered from both wouldn't be much chop, I reckon. You look like a woman, and that's about all. As a considerable sort of partner, I couldn't see myself buying meat or potatoes for you. You'd look a joke. You need teaming. Give me a week and I'll team you."

As he turned the ground his head with a clod of earth. He dabbed at the blood with a handkerchief, but he was grimacing.

On the third day he was there, Lily Ames struck aped. Last aped! She got on to a slick seam of the best quality, flaking stuff of reds and gulds. Smith, the field value, gave her \$2000 on the spot for the small parcel she brought here. He'd make fifty on it when the buyers came from Sydney. By midnight, most of the workers on the field had combined

the parcel which was at Smith's feet.

When Lily Ames went down her shaft next morning, the knee pressure had been there during the night. There was a flurry of footprints in the soft dirt, and the oval bed at the base of the wall had been gouged in further. Instantly, she thought of Deberry, and her rage drove her up the shaft and across to his chamber. She picked up a heavy stick and clambered up the dump to where he was at the window.

"You dirty rat!" she cried, and had the stick across his shoulders. He lost his feet and went sprawling down the dump. She followed helter-skelter him. He threw up his arms to protect his face, rolled, and finally got to his feet. He grabbed her. The smell of her sweaty body, the square of her back to his breast, the heat in her face drove desire surging through him. There and then he wanted to show her she was a woman and he was a man.

"You little savage," he muttered, disarming her. "What's got into you?"

That night Lily Ames sat in the ugly blackness of the drive-in with a rifle, waiting. Three hours later she heard the muffled sound of voices. Grunts of effort fell down the shaft. Bevin scrambled against the sides. She crouched back, the rifle cocked.

The first man fell with a soft plop on the ground at the bottom of the shaft. Another plop, and then both men were in the drive-in. A match flared. The two candles they held threw bulging shadows on the walls. Suddenly Lily Ames stepped out with the gun to her shoulder. The men stopped, stood rigid, like figures of ice.

Then Nesbitt, the quietest of the two, called into lightning movement. He snuffed both candles with his hands and lurched against Jackson, at the

same time dropping down. The rifle cracked, split flame. The girl pulled with fury. The cavern was full of chaotic sound, grunts, breathing, snuffling noises. There was the sharp snap of a bone, a moan, then silence.

Jackson lit a candle, then another. He was kneeling. Nesbitt lay across Lily Ames' legs where he had fallen. He dragged himself off, breathing hard.

"She means had her leg on that rock when I fell on her," Nesbitt muttered.

"What'd we do?" Jackson said. "We can't let her—"

"Don't start getting panicky," Nesbitt told him. "I'm away ahead of you. Listen, I got an idea. We'll take her up and dump her down one of the old shafts. Tomorrow, we'll had to have a go at the shaft, set off a couple sticks of jelly, then turn it in as a shaft. This bitch'll be buried for keeps."

"What about when she's missed?"

"What'll find anything? Anyway, if the cops come swooping the most likely man they'll pick on is that Deberry."

"Hell, I think you've got something, mate," Jackson said. "And there's nothing to stop us taking over this claim of hers as ours."

Nesbitt went up first, climbing by means of the feet and hand holds scraped roughly out of the sides of the narrow shaft. He wound up the bucket in which Lily Ames was jammed. He held her at the side of the dump.

"Listen, Fred," he shouted down the black hole. "This place'll be out for hours. Save yourself coming up. I'll come back and we'll do a bit before we fix her up. She's helpless, anyway."

That was Nesbitt's mistake. Lily

Ames came to an hour later, and one slight movement told her her right leg was useless. In the silence the picking and voices of the men came up to her. Then the picking stopped, and she heard Nesbitt say they would turn it in. She had an idea what they'd be doing to her. In rage and desperation, she painfully dragged her body to the mouth of the hole. She crawled over a lump of hard clay and let it drop. One of the men swore in sharp surprise.

"Come on up, why don't you?" she jeered. "You dirty rat!" Come on up!"

She let go another cuss, and heard it strike the bottom.

"Nesbitt, she's got out!" Jackson cried. "We should have put her away when we could."

"Come up!" Lily Ames challenged. And down went a rock. She kept dropping weights, bricks and clay chunks, dragging them off the dump around her. Jackson began to shake Nesbitt in terror. The girl heard him frantically scrambling, desperately swearing that he was going to try and make it. She dropped another missile. It made a different sound, and there was a loud groan.



You have been misled by a
filthy maid,
Who across your path per-
chance has strolled?
How you have off-guard to a
stunning smile
That was half as dazzling
and half as guile?
And you say you have learned
from what took place
Not to look twice at a pretty
face?
Yes, I saw you doing on one
last night:
Well, you never learn! And
THAT'S all right!

—EX-10X

For hours she kept it up, fighting off the waves of sickness and pain, hearing the quavering shouts and cries of the men, the scuffling like animals trapped in a pit.

At daylight she saw on the immense waste around her a man half a mile away. She tried to shout, to wave, but the darkness dropped down on her. Doberty had seen her, though, and he came running. He saw the pale, bloody face, heard the screams below, and put it all together.

Down behind the dump, Doberty waited. He saw the bearded face and shaggy head as the man stumbled out of the hole.

Jackson shouted down the shaft: "She's out to it. Come on, quick!"

Then Doberty grabbed him, hauled him around and dropped him with a back. He dragged him behind an ivy-stemmed outcrop, and waited for Nesbitt.

Nesbitt clambered out of the hole and looked up quickly, astonished when he saw Doberty. Doberty

calmly beckoned him. For a moment Nesbitt poured about for a reason of escape, then, realizing there was none, he swung to watch and rushed down upon Doberty.

Doberty stopped him dead with a straight left, and sent him staggering to his knees with a right. He grabbed the long hair, jerked Nesbitt's head back and almost knocked it off his shoulders with a terrible uppercut.

Two hours later, Doberty sat beside Lucy Ames in her hat. "Dinner how many times I come here last night looking for you," he said. "You had a lot of explaining to do, L.L. I waited around all night. When you didn't turn up, I knew there was something wrong. Lucky for you I turned up when I did. Just shows you—yes, need a man for some things."

"I had them all right. I handled them."

"Sure, you'll do any," Doberty told her. "I like your spirit. But when I saw you defenseless, helpless, I knew one thing—underneath that toughness of yours you're all woman."

"How you put?" Lucy Ames stirred on the stretcher, then warned: "That you're all right. I had you wrong, and I owe you something."

"Forget it. I'll look after you any way you're laid up. Then I'll be on my way."

"No, you don't, you don't. You don't make me like a mare. I want nothing from no one for free. But I'll take you on as a partner, fifty-fifty. You can take it or leave it."

Coldly peered through her tears when she couldn't stimulate the business excitement in her eyes.

"Okay," Doberty said. "You win. And one of these days I'll prove it."

"What?"

"That you're all woman."

"Will you?" Lucy Ames said with a quiet expectancy, looking away.



"Before I can tell you this one, the manufacturers suggest we ask a rather personal question."

Invented by-

Gibson

111 A very young city

boy off is placed in a
bottle with a gear tied
to his little tail

121 Feet is gently tapped on
the floor. This sets
moving chain in motion
which supplies power to

131 Chain attached to book
at chair . . . the de-
pression

141 Lever with ratchet and
sets automatic switch in
"on" position . . . this
switches

151 The color release which
sets up the
Baker blind and reveals

161 Picture of a
nearly dead
man in the
middle of the room and
discovers the fly pump
has set and the blind
room are covered by the

171 Wire down to the
lamp

181 Lamp which is a
glass microscope with
all the air sucked out and a
piece of wax

191 Color of negative in

201 Lens which can
not be shut by the
lamp which then has
some automatic re-
sponse with the
distinction

211 Lens which can
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THE "LITTLE WONDER READING LAMP"



"AUTOMATIC GRAB HAND"

This handy little grabber comes in very useful if you are located with questionnaires and some may want to shake you by the hand. Back and forth motion of the model extremely supplies motive power. It can also be used to scratch the back of your ever-loving wife. That's it your ever-loving wife wants her back scratched



"THE GRUNDA GIN SLEAMER MAKER"

Junior wakes in the night and calls for water. Ignore him. He will show you with that well known wry . . . the old being very excited will take all in a great hurry pulling on string attached to his train rudder piece which lifts earth that releases an exceedingly hard ball. The ball rolls down tracks and opens glass of eyes into barrel and thence into the gaping face piece of Junior.

Ball then falls through hole in to a skate and dangle Junior a smart drop on the side of his head. It's enough . . . thus inducing a deep sleep that should let you into the next day.

STRANGER and Stranger



PERSUASION PASSION

After long and patient study, sociologists now know all there is to know about the love life of persons. To the little fellows in the white uniforms, love is a highly complicated affair. The male bird always begins the conquest by a show of apparent indifference. He first turns his back on the female of his choice. Then he manifests post her with arched neck and flippers thrust stiffly out in front of him. Once past her, he peeps back over his shoulder to see the effect of his strutting. If she is unimpressed, he repeats the process until she begins to show some interest as he falls down in exhaustion. After they mate, the birds gradually resume fidelity to each other for years. The "wedding" is only broken by the death or disappearance of one bird or by "divorce" (one partner finding a new mate, which occurs in about one out of every five "weddings.")

WORDST

Although the unabridged dictionary of the English language contains from 500,000 to 600,000 different words, no one uses more than a tiny fraction of them. Shakespeare, who had a wide vocabulary, used no more than 20,000 words in his writings, and 1,000 of these he used only once. Milton used 17,000, but there are only 1,200 different words in the English Bible.

It has been estimated that the average person uses no more than 2,000 or 2,500 words in every-day speech.

ALIBION ACCOUNTS

Alimony payments to divorced wives in the United States now total \$220 million a year. A divorcee bond holder was recently ordered to pay his former spouse the sum of \$200,000 over ten years—more than \$200 a week. That isn't a record, but it can't lay either. Asked by the court to present an estimate of her "necessary annual expenditures," one sorry harlot, asking for \$25,000 a year, listed the following as "absolutely essential": Rent \$1,000, food \$200, daughter's education \$200, tips \$200, daughter's entertainment \$100, daughter's companion \$200, chauffeur \$200, clothes \$1,000, writer trip to Florida \$500, summer home \$200, doctor and dentist \$500.

PARACHUTE PROPELLORS

Experiments are being conducted by the Beach Supply Company with a new form of propelling parachute which may supersede the present "umbrella" type. Tests have been made with balloons fitted with a whirling telescopic propeller-fitted over the head and shoulders. Invented by an Italian, it is claimed to let the parachutist down gently and to be controllable in the air. So far no human guinea pig has been willing to give the apparatus a practical test.



"Of course I believe in love at first sight—it happened to me after enough."



UPSIDE—



DOWN GLAMOUR

Formerly a dancer in Earl Carroll's Vastities, LeGoy Wallenda now earns her living as a trapeze artiste. And, in that job, you have to keep fit. Even on vacation, as LeGoy is here, she takes advantage of anything handy for a spot of limbering up.



But all work and no play is not going to make a dull girl of LeCoy, and she takes ample time off from entertaining to make eye-catching appearances like this at the pool. Half Indian and half English, our trapeze pin-up has only been working on the high wire since her marriage to one of the famed Wallenda troupe, but she is well on the way to becoming a circus star in her own right.



BETTER HEALTH

WIDE SLEEPING

Dr. James McDermott, in the "Lancet," recently pointed out that people who sleep on their backs as on their stomachs put undue stress on their joints and run the risk of headachable pains and aches in later years. He advocates sleeping on your side, in a straight, horizontal line. When you sleep on your back, you over-extended the knee joints and put a strain on the small of the back. Likewise the front sleeper has to turn his head to the side and so twists his neck.

COLD SORES

An explanation for the reported cold sores and fever blisters with which some people are afflicted has been advanced by Drs. Blank and Brody, of the University of Pennsylvania. They are caused by a virus which most adults harbor. Exposure to the sun, stomach trouble or colds can set the virus to work and result in the sores. When they develop frequently without such a stimulus, however, Drs. Blank and Brody put the blame on psychiatric factors. These "psychological" cold sores attack the very "good" people, that is those who are "positive, subconscious and anxious to please, but whose concern with conforming to the good and true conflicts with their actual circumstances. The conflict is such that emotional upsets producing cold sores result."

STEPS TO MENTAL HEALTH

The American National Committee on Mental Hygiene has listed 15 "don'ts" and "avoids" for psychiatric well-being. They are to avoid worry, hurry, looking against life, self-pity, looking for mistakes in people, confused standards for success, the conscience bays, being shy and sensitive, running away from your emotions, too much analyzing of yourself and your thoughts, lack of self-confidence, poor diet and headfirst sleep.

TURN ON THE TEARS

American scientists have established that horses, man, even when heavily drugged, can develop species of emotions. This point, shock-dealing power stress from a compound called Intropin, present in abundance in the tears.

UNDERWATER EXERCISE

A correspondent in the British Medical Journal recently advocated older people doing their daily down on the bath. He pointed out that muscular movement in the water uses up much less energy and is more suitable to the dwindling capacities of their hearts and circulations. Gentle exercise in the bath results in just as high a consumption of oxygen, which their tissues need, as substituting physical jobs or strenuous games. Exercise underwater causes only a slight increase in pulse rate and no rise in blood pressure.



PUGS NEED TRAINERS

A boxer who has been trained correctly will not suffer injury. But even a champion needs a good second

ONE of the first accusations facing an employer Lee Darcy is that of the right advice, both before and during a fight. Even a ring promoter needs the right advice from the corner during a fight. A fight manager who doesn't know his job is just as dangerous to a boxer as a poor defense, and can be as humiliating as a pale-face right to the chin.

The man in the corner doesn't yell for the backbeats and the nose jaw which inevitably invade the victim when a K.O. Nor does he stand out there in center ring waving happily to the cheering crowd while a broken opponent is whisked through the ropes

and downstons from the ring apron.

The ticket holders pay little attention to the chap with the white sweater who handles the water bottle and the towel, but his wisdom, ability and strategy mean a terrific amount to the pugilist who is in there throwing and dodging them. The second can really have more power than the contestant in the matter of winning or losing.

When Jimmy Carruthers stanned the world with his one-round knockout victory over Vic Tread to win the world heavyweight championship, everyone praised Jimmy to the skies for his performance. And

rightly so. But his trainer, Billy McConnell, who recorded Jimmy in that fight, as in all other bouts in which our champion has engaged, is entitled to no much credit as Carruthers.

McConnell knew that Towell was a slow starter. Hence he advised him to hang to take the fight to Towell from the opening bell Jimmy did just that and the result is history. But, if McConnell had told Carruthers to box safely, the result would have been different. Jimmy would have had a tougher fight on his hands and Towell may even have won it.

Few Australians would deny that one of our best seconds is Sydney's Jack Dursley. "Gentleman" Jack has always said that a second must be "on the job" all the time. For every moment of a fight he is working out counters and tactics. He is ready with instructions to switch the policy at a moment's notice. He is keenly watching for any suggestion that will make things easier for his boy.

In between rounds the second figuratively carries his boy. He bolsters his confidence, if necessary.

Unfortunately, there are seconds who do more damage to their charges between rounds than does the opposition during the fighting periods. They pull the poor fellow like a broken pummeling dumb, and "porcuped him out" with abuse and gibbering confusion which, in most cases, leaves the poor misguided pug feeling like a rudderless ship in a hurricane.

Dursley says, "Two other you are seconds rush into the ring and hold a boxer's feet off the ground the moment he sits down. Of course, they make him uncomfortable. If they think this is the way to rest his legs, they should try it on themselves. Observe a man's arms and shoulders about. After all, his arms are

getting maximum exercise during the fight, and they don't need pampering in the rest period."

Jack Dursley is a staunch supporter of the use of plain cold water as a dependable recovery for a fighter. "Put it on the back of his neck," says Jack, "and it will freshen a man better than anything else you could use."

That mere personality, the good second, not only rehabilitates his man during the all too short intervals—he also keeps a close keen eye on the opposition camp and its activities. He has already decided what advice he would be offering if he were over there, and he concentrates on discovering what they have planned.

As well as being one of Australia's shrewdest seconds, Jack Dursley is also recognized as a great boxing trainer. He is known to have spent months teaching a boxer the proper and sequence which would win a match for him.

He was handling Jack Haines when that middleweight-de-luxe was preparing to retire. Ted Morson of his championship. Morson was a solid defender whose jaw was very, very hard to reach. He kept it hidden behind a right arm coverage which had all the impracticability of Haman's position. It seemed that he could take body punishment all night long without giving ground.

While the rest of the experts regarded Morson's chin protection as his greatest strength, the doctors but crafty Dursley assumed it as the champion's weakness. The fight saw his judgment vindicated.

Haines came out round after round and smashed power-blow first to Morson's right shoulder and upper arm. The effect was much the same as gradually filling the protective coat surrounding a medieval castle. Eventually it ceased to be a defense

for the crowd against the enemy.

Mumson's right arm must have developed into a hammer-wrenched mass of pain. There came a time when he just couldn't hold it up any longer. That was when Dundee sent Hanna in for the kill. He collected his title on the twentieth round.

Regrettably there are very few Dundees in circulation. What is more regrettable is that there are hundreds of pseudo trainer-advisers who are only too willing to sign anything would-be fighters—as a percentage basis, of course.

A fit boxer, trained to the minute, will beat an untrained one, all other things being equal. Unfortunately too many so-called trainers do not even teach their boys the proper condition. Managers accept boys knowing well that if their resources don't lead a lucky knockout blow early in the rounds, later he will be stage-prime around, puffing and puffing and absorbing punishment in a quantity which will wreck his position.

The father of prize fight training believed his orders were sacrosanct and a belt up. The god was Captain Barney Alderton, generally referred to simply as Captain Barclay. He inherited the family Highland strains at the age of 14. But instead of sitting around and whining away the day hours, the Captain became a drinker and fine health addict.

With much self-imposed strenuous exercise he built himself into a spectacular example of dynamic energy. At the age of 21 he could lift a weight of half a ton. At 27 he walked six miles in an hour and won a weight of 100 pounds in the process. At 31 he walked 45 miles in 12 hours, and a couple of months later he walked over 120 miles in 24 hours.

The Scottish physical cultured developed quite a scientific interest in body conditioning and the strenuous

and strenuous of heavy exercise. He accepted and was a wage to walk 1,000 miles in an easy mannerous hours, covering one mile in each and every hour.

When he trained Tom Crick, British heavyweight champion, Barclay became modern history's first master of a professional boxer. He had proved his own stamina to often on the road that it is not surprising to learn that the credit is his for making road-work as an important item in the grandest conditioning schedule.

He decided that the British champion was 40 pounds overweight. He dressed him with medicine and allowed him to wander around at will for the first couple of weeks. Then he introduced him to his own beloved practice, walking.

Crick was far from keen on the exercise, but day by day the mile-age went up and his weight came down. In five weeks he had lost 20 pounds in weight, and he was trampolining 40 miles per day. Barclay made him work as he had never worked before. There was a quarter mile run morning and evening, as well as sparring, and there was little food and no nap. For his relaxation the Scotsman visited the towns along to be taught the "belle art" by the fast-reducing champion.

The training lasted three months—the longest three months in Tom's memory. When he entered the ring to meet Holmness, who had almost broken him at their previous encounter, the colored fighter thought it was a unique affair. "This is not Master Crick," he appealed to his seconds.

Most of Tom Crick's friends also thought he was strange, balanced there on his toes, straightforward and flat-headed like a sparrow. They thought he was still stronger when he tossed a Scots reel around the

ring after knocking out Holmness in the eleventh round.

History's number two trainer was, without doubt, William Muldoon, of America. He was a wrestling champion, weight-lifter and a boxer who eventually became the first Commissioner of the New York State Athletic Commission. Above all else he was a physical trainer—and a great one.

When John L. Sullivan was forced to accept the challenge of Jake Kilrain, his condition was terrible. Muldoon was the only man in America who could get him into shape in the short time available. Sullivan feared him and respected him—a very unusual attitude for the blustering Great John L.

Muldoon undertook to do the job for \$2,000 dollars. He previously bal-

led the heavyweight champion down in lifting weight, but only after forcing him steadily "on to the water wagon" and the various coach.

The Sullivan-Kilrain brawl has been described often. For three hours they fought each other to a staggering standstill, and eventually Kilrain's seconds tossed in the sponge. Muldoon's training had carried the day.

Training methods have altered through the years, but the object—physical fitness—remains the same. Always you will see the fit boxer and the unfit one. The trained boy will not get hurt unduly. But the untrained boxer runs a great risk of physical injury.

When embarking on a diet system, select a trainer who knows—and practices—has art in the gym and in the ring corner.

KNOW PEOPLE BY THEIR GESTURES



THE FRODO



THE FRODO



THE FRODO

you and your

PROSTATE GLAND



It is amazing how little the average man knows of his prostate gland. Yet it is one of the most important in the male body.

HAROLD R. SULLIVAN

JOHN C. was sick—very sick. It had started weeks before, when he suddenly woke up in a profuse sweat, though the day had been cool enough. The sweating soon stopped, and John felt all right again. However, the attacks kept recurring. Later, there were other symptoms. John's skin would sink terribly, and sometimes he'd vomit. He'd be walking along the street when suddenly his muscles would start to twitch and jerk. Now and then his whole

body would tremble uncontrollably.

Several times he felt his strength growing dim, and a few times his vision "blacked out" completely for a moment or two. Then, one day, he became delirious, and suddenly collapsed as a "fit" that way much resembled an epileptic seizure.

"Ifs your prostate," the doctor said cheerfully.

"Am I going to die?" John asked for he had heard many frightening things about the disease and was

unconscious of the male prostate gland "Isn't prostate trouble pretty serious?"

"It can be sometimes," the doctor pointed gravely. "But after a man's caught and treated in time in your case, it isn't."

When somebody suggested to George M. that his prostate might be giving up, he ridiculed the idea. "It's nothing as bad as that," he said confidently, with the assurance of a little bit of self-knowledge. "I'm steady all over. Been working too hard, I guess. All I need is a good rest."

He tried staying home a few days, switched his diet, got plenty of fresh air and sleep. He felt a little better, but not much. As soon as he went back to work, all the old symptoms returned, full force.

Next George tried various tonics and vitamins, but they didn't seem to help particularly.

The symptoms still persisted; in fact his condition worsened as time went on.

Finally George submitted to a thorough physical examination by a physician who was widely reputed to be "finer as all get-out."

"Nothing serious," the doctor told him encouragingly. "Just a little prostate trouble. We'll make you all right in a few weeks' time."

And, as the doctor had prophesied, George was soon as healthy, full of pep and vigor as he had been years before. He felt like a young man again.

Several things George's doctor had said amazed him: "You've got the idea that disturbances of the prostate gland reveal themselves by localized symptoms, like an aching tooth or a pain in the appendix. They very often aren't true. An inflame-prostate can produce a wide variety of symptoms in many parts of the body. It

can even cause serious mental disturbances, such as dependency and rational melancholia."

Then he added, "Fortunately, all prostate troubles can be easily corrected if they are detected and properly treated in time."

The prostate is a fairly sizable gland, located at and surrounding the commencement of the urinary tract or urethra at the mouth of the bladder. It is connected with the urethra and the testes, and serves as a storage place for semen which is delivered to it by the testes, until such time as the semen is ejaculated from the body through the urethra. It has other functions, but this is the most important.

Due to its communication with the urinary tract, the outside of the body the testes and, of course, the bloodstream, plus its peculiar function of serving as a storage place, it is extremely vulnerable to infection. One of the widest-published sources of the prostate is caused by invasion of the gland by venereal disease germs, such as those of gonorrhea. Other sources of infection are distorted teeth, tonsils, sinuses, lungs, and so on.

If the primary infection is not properly treated—as well as the infection of the prostate itself—an inflammation of the gland may develop which is known as prostatitis, and which may become chronic.

For some symptoms remain not yet known to medical science, there is another form of enlargement of the prostate—not caused by infection—which occurs very frequently in middle-aged men. There may be no active symptoms and little or no pain.

Swelling of the prostate—from either infections or "middle-age" causes—often handicaps the flow of urine. One of the earliest symptoms is a vague feeling of discomfort and the urge to get up during the night

in uric acid often without success.

"Simple enlargement" of the prostate is not particularly dangerous, provided there is no restriction of the flow of urine. But if uric acid is deposited, prostatic and waste materials "back up," the kidneys may become infected, and toxicity and anemia may result.

Kidney stones may form. Normally, five-ounce urine carries off materials which ultimately form many of these stones, but when the ureters or kidney ducts are obstructed, these materials may lump together—often in the kidneys or ureters—and at last, such size that an operation for their removal becomes necessary.

For too many men, plagued by vague prostatic symptoms, wait until unbearable pain forces them to visit a doctor. No man should ignore one of Nature's loudest warning signals—too-frequent elimination of urine, often in very small quantities.

Enlargement of the prostate is easily treated in early stages by massaging the gland. But even at the advanced stage encountered in the point where more drastic treatment is required, modern surgery offers several measures which are usually successful.

By transurethral resection, for example, is technique which involves cutting away the obstructing part of the enlarged prostate with an electrically cutting instrument, the urethral channel then often is dilated.

Sometimes the entire prostate must be removed. This is most frequently done by suprapubic incision. The abdomen is opened, and an opening made into the bladder into which a rubber catheter is inserted to prevent the excretion of urine. After the kidneys have resumed their normal functioning, the enlarged prostate is simply loosened from the surrounding tissues and lifted out. Clotting to re-

move the prostate is not necessary.

In both of these operations, the fertility rate is very low.

Many men dread removal of the prostate because they believe that it will result in impotence or loss of masculinity. This notion is completely erroneous. Removal of the prostate neither increases nor lessens a man's sexual powers.

Even when the prostate has been infected and enlarged for years, surgery is often not necessary. Massage, supplemented by pain-killing drugs such as penicillin, streptomycin, or salts often eliminates the infection and reduces the gland to normal size. Naturally, part of this treatment involves the curing of contributory infections in the teeth, tonsils and elsewhere.

Many men have a horror of cancer of the prostate, and rightly so. With the life expectancy of men steadily rising, the incidence of prostate cancer is on the increase. In 1927, for example, in 25 per cent of all autopsies performed on men over middle age, cancer of the prostate was found. By 1943, autopsies revealed that 25 per cent—men in four-of all men over the age of 50 had prostate cancer.

Fortunately, medical science has made great strides in the treatment of prostatic cancer. Before 1930, cancer of the prostate was considered inevitable and meant almost certain death. To-day, more than 50 per cent of all cases can be cured.

To-day, no man should be mystified or frightened by his prostate. Prostatic adenoma—even cancer—can be successfully and usually easily treated if they are detected and treated in time. That is why it is sound commonsense—even if you feel "as fit as a fiddle"—to have a prostatic examination at fairly frequent intervals.

It's better to be safe than be sorry!



Illustration by Bob Scherwin

The Home of To-day (No. 26)

PREPARED BY

W. WATSON SHARP,

A.R.A.A.



DESIGNED IN **TWO** WINGS

There are occasions when it is desirable to depart from the orthodox type of plan based on straight lines and right angles in order to take advantage of an outlook or to follow contour lines on a sloping site. Wings placed at an angle to each other, as in the accompanying plan, are frequently an advantage.

In this plan, the large living room includes a space for the dining table and a feature is made of the fireplace with a built-in radiator along the side. Full length windows open from this room on to a stone paved terrace. The kitchen

adjoins the living room with direct service.

There are two bedrooms, each complete with built-in wardrobes. The modern bathroom is in a position which is convenient to both bedrooms. A line of sill height cupboards along the hall accommodates linen and other sundries.

This house could be extended quite simply by the addition of one or two bedrooms opening from the hall.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 45 feet or 80 feet, depending on which way it is placed, and the total area is 1,375 square feet.





Zapata was a ruthless killer bandit. But he had a weakness for women.

the BANDIT who RAVAGED a NATION

RAGGED, dirty and apparently swayed by the night of American arms, the three Mexican Indians slowly approached a military outpost in Mexico in April, 1913.

The Americans, in the midst of banditry and revolution, had occupied Vera Cruz, an important springhead of the counter-revolutionary regime which were playing shuttlecock with the government and fortunes of Mexico.

Vera Cruz, under occupation, was giving refuge, food and shelter to thousands of Indians, half-breeds and whites fleeing from the areas overrun by bloodshed.

Without hesitation, the officer in charge of the outpost let the scruffy three through . . . and released them and freedom by a hair's breadth. The three filthy refugees were no ordinary Indians. One was an American newspaper correspondent; the second was

his personal servant; and the third was Emiliano Zapata, the most desperate bandit, revolutionary and murderer in history, captain of a horde which numbered up to 25,000 soldiers, self-appointed ruler of Mexico, an illiterate, cantankerous phlegm who controlled three presidents.

Zapata had the Indian touch of cruelty, a talent for honoring his promises, a weakness for women and a complete indifference to human life. He killed thousands of Spaniards, half-breeds and other foreigners—some five hundred with his own hands.

At Vera Cruz, Zapata spent some days in diapiric, marvelling at the efficiency of the US troops. If discovered, he would have been turned over to President Madero, who had offered \$5,000 piece reward for the bandit—dead or alive.

His ultimate aim, obscured by banditry and depredations, was the return of Mexico to the Indians. He and his followers were not interested in rich farms or wealth from the ground—apart from easy loot. They turned the head back to the jungle and desert, never tilling the land when they destroyed, interested only in living a life of utterance in a mud hut.

Zapata was born in 1878, in Morelos State, a rancher's son. At 20, with a bandit, he was captured by an army patrol and given the choice of joining the Diaz Government forces or being executed.

After ten years' service, he was pardoned, and returned to Morelos. Waiting for him were Emiliano, his young brother, 25,000 rifles, and a huge arsenal of ammunition and other weapons.

Then, with a thousand other supporters, Zapata set off on his revolution. In three years he was the most powerful man in the nation; and in eight his kingdom had grown from

one state to one-third of Mexico, with his word as law to 4,000,000 people.

When he set out, he sent messages to other small bandits to join him. One of them, a woman, sent back his couriers with their ears had round their necks. The head of an ordinary to another desperado was returned even inside a stuffed monkey.

But despite his atrocities, Zapata spread like an octopus, bringing the country under his thumb by lightning thrusts, killing landowners and sending towns and cities.

His first big raid was on the Spanish town of Yaucoque, a city of ten thousand people, noted for the beauty of its women. Zapata descended with 3,000 eager volunteers, with another army of women dragging behind—the commissary, carrying food and fuel. Every second woman carried a young child, and two of these mothers could name the father of the infant.

Supported by a mere 240 men, the commander of the garrison told Zapata to go to hell. Zapata camped for the night around the city and waited . . .

In the morning a group of boys, aged about 14 or 15, played at childish games in the courtyard of the unsuspecting fort. Suddenly, each took a bomb from his shirt, threw it into the garrison, and fled as the explosion told Zapata his scheme had been successful.

In the next instant the screaming horde stormed into the town. After an hour of hand to hand fighting, bayonet against machete, the defenders capitulated.

The surviving half of the garrison was offered places in the army of the bandit. Fully agreed, but the rest held back.

"Shoot every 60th man," said Zapata, easily striking his mountainside. The survivors hurriedly overcame the 64th resistance. Two officers re-

AFRICAN ALLURE

AT a London dinner, the famous actress Lily Langtry once found her partner to be a genuine African chief. It was soon evident from the way the dusky patriarch neglected his food to gaze at her that she had made a conquest. At the conclusion of the affair, he arose, bowed low and paid a tribute of praise. "Blackness," he sighed, "if heaven had only made you black and fat you would be irresistible."

marked in defiance of the bandit.

"You are an actress, a bandit, and a scoundrel," said one. "We defy you!" Zapata butchered one of them, while Madero killed the other.

The rage of Zapata's war on all day and for late the night. Soldiers and women, bandits—"huelanderos"—raged the city, looting, burning, killing whites, and raping women.

The "huelanderos" were women soldiers, bloodthirsty hueros. They took part in the fighting, looted corpses, and fanatically mutilated the enemy wounded to death. All were notorious of the week and life among the bandits.

In the following eight years the bandits destroyed 250 million dollars' worth of property.

Apud from last, Zapata's weakness was women. He aroused himself with dozens of captives and concubines, and "married" 36 women. Only the 25th ceremony—his last—was legal.

His wives and concubines were of all nationalities, many from good

families, not too proud to love the scowling Indian. Once, from a captured train, there stopped Miguel Renteria—christened Blanche Murphy—a smart, attractive American woman of fortune.

Although Zapata did not bother with the femininity of his usual "marriage," she became his mistress. After a two-week honeymoon, she stayed with him for 15 months.

When Zapata captured the city of Cuernavaca, Madero was installed in a magnificent mansion—a subtle move which allowed Zapata to scrape the delights offered elsewhere.

Madero then became entertained in a handsome stone palace of a noble family.

Pale-faced, Zapata held a large feast in Madero's mansion, in her honor, where the richly dressed aristocrats mingled—under gaze of death—with the filthy soldiers.

Madero's lover was not present, and after the party Madero found him between the sheets in her apartment—mostly stabbed to death.

Zapata liked humor and mordant practical jokes. A favorite was to dress a detachment of men as Federalists, relieve a prison in some town by handing the commandant a parting order purporting to come from headquarters, and then turn on the surprised commandant.

While Zapata was in possession of the rich state of Hidalgo, on the edge of the capital, Francisco Madero sent a punitive expedition of 1800 men against him, all traveling in one train. Madero announced the coming destruction of the Zapata rabble.

Next day, the train arrived back at the capital. The soldiers had not as much as left their cartridges or fired a shot—Zapata had ambushed them with 1000 men and told them they would be annihilated unless they returned. Mexico City burst into

ecstasy at the very thought of it. Another train followed the soldiers. It had one carriage, and one passenger—Miguel Murphy, Zapata had freed of him.

Zapata had captured Hidalgo without much fighting. The Federalist guards were bottled up in Puebla, thankful to be left alone.

A few days later, Mexico City newspapers had full accounts of the ghastly fighting at Puebla, saying that the monster Zapata had even stood up the soldiers and invited them to listen to the bottle.

The newspapers based shots, screams, the roar of flames, the cries of captured women—all the noise of a pitched battle. At the other end, Zapata sat dozing up in a chair while a dozen of his men gathered round the telephone, firing their guns, checking, burning paper bags, strapping life women—intending a battle which never happened.

The cold severity was a contrast to his childish jokes. At his headquarters he once pumped 50 whites and half breeds. With thousands of the bandits looking on, he selected every fifth man from the line—11 victims. Zapata shot each one through the head. The death in the line started and got at him. Zapata ordered him to be taken out on an ornate cushion.

The skeletons went mad, and ran for his life. He was caught and brought back, gibbering unreasonably, to the laughing bandit.

Next day, every fourth man was pardoned. On the third day, every third man. Another went mad, and was locked up with the first. At last only one was left alive. After a night alone to contemplate his fate, the victim was stripped naked, tied to a stake, and led to the head of a column of 25 bandits.

The man was escorted to the outskirts of Cuernavaca, and told to ride

with his train straight to the commander of the garrison. It was the most horrifying sight the citizens had ever seen. On the stake behind the leader, were strapped the two madmen, still gibbering.

Every animal behind had two corpses strapped to it, headways. The last had one corpse and what the rest had left of the man who sat at the bandit's head.

The commander looked at the train of death and madness, then shot the survivors.

In a contrast to this frenzied murder, there were the dances of foreign men and women, employed as procurers, engineers, and accountants on the haciendas, who found themselves riding to safety in Mexico City under armed escort—clutching a gold fortune in money thrust on them by the seething Zapata.

In 1914, he met him and while negotiating with another bandit he was lured into an ambush, a false conference. The enemy poured on him as he sat at the party table. With his machine, he fought his opponent's return until it was knocked from his hand.

Mutilated, his wife looked on while Zapata's hand was hacked from his body. The killer left the corpse to rot, as the women buried it in a rough hole in the ground, an unmarked grave that was never found again.

Zapata's hand was exhibited as a trophy in Mexico City for months, until the white skull was all that remained.

Even today he is a legend amongst the Indians, and hundreds of Mexicans have sworn that Zapata's military ghost has stopped them on the trail and given them silver coins.

His millions of dollars of loot was never found, and his body collapsed without the pin which held it together.

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THEY SAY IT'S
THE MOST
DANGEROUS
RACE
THEY EVER
HEARD OF.

TRUCK TWO, ON THE EVE OF
A BIG MOTOR RACE, MEETS
HIS WEALTHY FRIEND,
MR. MALONE.

YES, TRUCK, THE RACING
TRUCK, THE TRUCK.



WITH SOME THINGS DRIVING
I CAN'T LOSE!







HEARD-10 WERE DATE TRAINED
KATE PLAINLY THAT SHE
WAS TALKING TO THE
PHONE. WARNING THAT
SHE WAS GOING TO THE DEATH.



GARDEN LANE
 100
 100



ALL THE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN
KILLED BY THE TERRORISTS
AND THE TERRORISTS ARE
NOT THE ONLY THING

[illegible]

ALL MACHINES WORKING
AND THE NEW BRIDGE OVER
THE RIVER. MANY THINGS
ARE BEING DONE AND THE
CITY IS BEING BUILT UP
AND THE COUNTRY IS
GROWING TO GREATNESS.



Full Time	Part Time	Seasonal	Temporary
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RECENTLY, THE TROOPERS
THAT CAPTURED THE MAN
WAS REPORTEDLY IN THE
CITY OF NEW YORK.



YOU MAY FIND THIS INTERESTING



I SAID KEEP AWAY FROM
YOU CAN'T PROVE A
THING



KEED MACHETH, WHO HAD
SAID TANTO TO SEE
THAT MACHETH WOULD
LOSE THE RACE, WAS
ATTRACTED BY THE TROUB



WILLIAMSON, TONY, 1940-
 1. WILLIAMSON, TONY, 1940-
 2. WILLIAMSON, TONY, 1940-



WATKINS DROVE INTO THE
FINAL LANE OF THE RACE
AND THE CROWD ROARED.





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Name
Address
253

DYNAMITE

MAN

HE WAS QUITE A MAN HE BECAME A HERO

BUT HE LOST—FOR HEATHER WAS QUITE A GIRL

WE pushed the canoe around a bend and into a long straight stretch of river. It ran due north for maybe a mile like a narrow highway through the trees. Paces went up from the water's edge and the moon ran down the water a smooth metallic band.

"Pussy," I said to Jeff Gray, my guide. Jeff was taking me deep into the north woods on a business trip which I had been promising myself for a long time.

Jeff grinned and dug his paddle deeper.

"Looks like snakes up there," I said. A smudge of black went up over the green of the trees.

"It is snakes," Jeff said definitely.

"Mackenzie's Landing. Reminds me of the first time I saw that place. Even Heather was really in bloom, you might say." He let out a dusty cackle of mirth.

"Heather?" I asked.

"Up ahead. Mackenzie's Landing. Miss Heather Mackenzie. She's still living there, but she's married now. Married one of these guys I'm telling you about."

He hadn't been telling me about anybody, but I let that go, and after a while I heard him clear his throat desperately and he began:

That was just after the first World War, and things were mighty rough. Jobs scarce and living expensive. I'd been laid up with a bad leg so I didn't get work at the beginning of the season and came into Blind Lake after Christmas with five bucks in my pocket and no prospects. After a week there I still had no prospects, but I didn't have the day bucks any more, and I was getting desperate.

I took a job with Blue Mike Conville's outfit. You can't get no more desperate than that.

"A job?" he says. "Why sure, Jeff. I need a dynamite man." And he says it like it wasn't an insult.

"You can take that dynamite, Blue Mike," I says, "and you know what you can do with it. With a shot gun." I says and walked off.

"Hold on, Jeffman," he yelled. "Look here," he said. "I've got a load of grub to go on to camp. You drive that to and tell the foreman to give you a job."

SHAD COLLINS

• FICTION

I went on up to the livery barn where Blue Mike's team would be and told them I was the man that was taking them out. I found out the head wasn't slated to go until the next day.

I was just turning to go when a voice said, "You talking out with you to-morrow," and I turn and see this kid.

His name was Jim Randall and he had the whitest face and the blackest hair of anyone I'd ever seen, like Mother Macnamara. And he wasn't a kid, either, as far as this goes, although he looked pretty young. He was tall, though, and had a good pair of shoulders and he was handsome. The whiteness of his face made him look weak and sickly like a convalescent patient. There's about what he was, too, but I didn't know it at the time.

"What you going to do out at Blue Mike's bull camp?" I asked him. The last thing he looked like was a logging cut.

"You going to work there?" He had a hard time saying it. "Dynamite man."

He sounded as if he was scared of even the word "dynamite," but he was there the next morning when we pulled out. He was scared too. I had found that out from talking to him in the chumbox while we were walking. He was scared all the way through.

He had got a pretty bad time of it in the war, a powerful case of shell shock, they called it then, and had just got out of the hospital. Dynamite was the last thing he wanted to have anything to do with, but if you're lucky enough long enough, you'll do anything.

We saw the Finn, who handled the blasting for Blue Mike, the morning we were leaving. He came around to the livery stable and pretended to be

surprised to see me. I told him I was driving a steel load of grub from Blind Lake up to the Three Rivers camp and he said "Well Good luck, Jeff."

"I got a new shot man I'm taking in with me," I said.

"Who in that case, Jeff?" the Finn wanted to know.

"Jim!" I bellowed. "Come and meet your boss!" Jim came waddling out from back in the shadows and took a look at the Finn. "That is the guy you'll be working under," I told him. "Shake hands with him, what he's sell you a head full to shake."

Jim shook out his hand, but the Finn didn't take it. They just stood there looking at each other as if they knew there was going to be trouble between them and were trying to see what the other fellow was made of.

The Finn fished in his pocket, reached out and dropped something into Jim's hand. "There," he said. "You do that!" Then I saw what it was—a dynamite cap.

He took another one out of his pocket and popped it into his mouth like a piece of gum. I'd seen him do it before and knew what was dangerous. He lay down on the cap and took it out from between his teeth. It was cringed around an imaginary fuse. He did it that way all the time—never used the crimping tool at all—and it wasn't especially dangerous, but it would put your teeth on edge to see him do it.

"You do that?" the Finn asked grinning.

Jim's face was white and make-looking then it had been before. He heaved the cap back to the Finn. "No," he said. It seemed to make the Finn happy.

"Ha," he said. "You don't want to be afraid Dynamite, it don't like a man to be afraid. Dynamite and woman—you got to treat them tough."

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MALGIC

they start down the slope when the roll started to go out of the sled.

The roll to the bottom between the ends of the front runners. It is the part that the tangles a twisted on to, the topman and the sweeper. It's the foreman and the steering gear all in one, and when the roll goes out you just aren't hunched on to the sled any longer.

It dropped knee on one side and the sled began to yaw so that the horses got scared and started to run and I didn't have a hope of trying to steer the thing any more and then I heard the Finn, just like the time before, yelling only this time he was yelling "Watch out for that dog!"

That was all I needed. It wasn't enough that we should be loaded with dynamite. We had to have soap too—sort-of one of those brown, stuffy, a lot more powerful and a lot more impractical than dynamite. I guess Jim hated the Finn too and knew what he meant. He had already jumped when I kicked the sled and of the roll began, so that the horses were running first and went over the side myself.

The next thing I remember is the Finn. He was standing right beside me and he was swinging as fear happened. I pulled my head up out of the snow and there was the sled, only a few yards ahead, sticking on a snowbank beside the road. It was twenty below weather, but my clothes were sticking to me with sweat and I was mad all through.

"That's all right," I told the Finn. "Nobody told me there was soap in that sled. You're coming it into me and Jim going over the side in that sled. I'll chop your legs off until you're down to my level and then I'll beat you to a pulp."

I don't suppose I scared him, but about that time he saw Jim Ransome and went after him. He put him up

against the side of the sled and killed him a couple of good ones. The kid didn't look as if he had any fight left in him. He was dead scared. The kid's even made a move to defend himself, but before I could take a hand in it someone whipped past me on skis and the next thing the big Finn was down on the roadway looking as if a tree had fallen on him.

It was Heather Mackenna. She was a good-sized girl with hair like Jim's—black as the nose of a spade—and eyes that blazed like the sun on ice. She stood over that big Finn with her old pole raised, daring him to get up, but the Finn just lay there and got a big happy grin all over his face.

"Hello, Heather," he said, rubbing his head where she had hit him. "You pretty strong girl." He sounded so proud as a new father.

That's all he got the chance to say, because Heather and Jim went on down the road and the Finn and I had to reach the horses, fix the sled and work it on down the hill and around to the Landing. We stayed there that night.

That Heather Mackenna was quite a thing. Even in those days when they were dressed like tombs she couldn't help letting me know how she was just whether she was pretty, with her face coming through that sheet of black hair like the moon through a cloud. And she would take care of herself. I suppose it was that as much as anything that had got the Finn. Anyway, for a few or more he had been hanging around the Landing. A lot of other guys used to go up there too, but usually the Finn saw them back as coming and sort of discouraged them. He had knocked off all the serious competition at the time that Jim Ransome turned up there.

You would hardly have thought Jim would be competition either, to look

at him, but I suppose it was just because he was scared and had been beaten by the Finn that Heather took him over. She was the kind of a woman who wouldn't have been able to turn aside a man's dog. That night anyway, she couldn't do enough for Jim and everything she did made the Finn's and her turn a steady pattern. I could see that Jim wasn't making it any more for himself in the time when he'd be working with the Finn.

We got to the camp next day, I got my job as a teamster and Jim went to work with the Finn. Most of his work was pretty easy, because about all they were doing was clearing a small section of the cover for the drive in the spring. Jim never did get used to handling the stuff, though, and the more scared he was, the more the Finn teased it on. It didn't help matters, either, when Jim started shaking together at the Landing.

It got so that the Finn was trying all the time to get Jim to fight, and the fact that Jim wouldn't make all the men to sleep think he was yellow. It was a fact that he was scared of dynamite and especially of nitro—so you can see Jim wasn't very popular. Nobody likes a coward. Still, he wouldn't quit. You'd think he would have turned at his time, but he didn't. He just stuck to it as if he were trying to prove something. Finally the Finn cornered him in the bunkhouse one Sunday and laid him down and showed the big kid's thing one on him.

I knocked the Finn back and he got a happy look in his eyes, the way he always did in a fight, and came to Jim. But he did a funny thing. He cowered down behind his bunk and came up with a stick of dynamite—he used to have the stuff around half the time—and he came at Jim holding it in his left hand.

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"Now let me," the Finn said. "Now let me, Randall." He was grinning like an ape.

That took all the fight out of Jim. He looked at that stick and didn't lift a hand and the Finn went up and smacked him in the face. Jim didn't even get up for a long time. When he did, he went out without anyone speaking to him. But that'll show you how women are—unreliable as granite. That was the day he got engaged to Heather Matthews. I suppose that beating by the Finn did more to make up her mind than anything Jim said or did—she was that set.

That Sunday began the spring term, too, and in a few days the trapping was ended for the year and there was nothing but the drive down the river. Right away we began to run into trouble. There was a bad patch of snow in the murren up there and the first day of the drive they had to shoot two or three little jays. The second day they got a real bad one. We were all down there and Mike Mike turned to the Finn and said, "Shoot her."

The Finn started down but Jim didn't move.

"Wait!" Mike Mike said. And when Jim didn't say anything, Mike Mike just waggled a finger toward the camp. "Go for your time."

We watched the Finn going over the high timber from the pass. He wasn't a deliver, but he liked to think he could do anything, and he went over the logs as pretty as a cat. Then all of a sudden he wasn't there any more. Mike Mike started to swear, pulled off his bowler and beat it like a drum, and all of us started to run for the river.

The Finn was all right. He hadn't been crushed and he wasn't hurt. But he was pinned in there as tight as you'd like to see. He had his nose

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out and that was about all and with the river rising behind that dam of him, he wasn't going to have his nose out very long either.

"We've got to clear that dam," like Mike said. "Get me some stuff."

"Where's that Randall?" he started to yell. "Where's that damn Randall?"

He didn't have to yell because at that time Jim was running along the river bank and we could see that he didn't have dynamite in his hands; he had a bottle of soap, said the Finn used to use on parts where it might be too hard to get enough of the queer stuff in to do any good. We saw him go into the water and across the first of the big rocks. Then he slipped on the rock and went out of sight. While we were still waiting for the blast that would have blown him out of the world, he re-appeared again, right on the face of the pier. You could see him searching it with his eyes, looking for the best place to plant the charge, and his feet looked a little crumpled with strain.

Anybody would have the right to look that way. He was right in front of the pier. Any one of those legs was big enough to crush a man and there were thousands of them, tossed up like potatoes.

Behind them there was a thousand tons of river with the pressure going up all the time as the logs damaged the flow. Jim looked at it a minute and then climbed in under the top of the jam. In a few minutes he showed signs, moving that now between he was working against a short fuse. He was two-thirds of the way back and halfway down the side of a big boulder when the blow.

That was the last I expected to see of Jim Randall, but I gave him up too soon. That big boulder must have shielded him from the blast, because he was on the river bank and crouching

down as like a man in an aerial survey. He went right past us and dove in the water again and fished out the big Finn. He heaved him up on the bank and shook the water out of him.

All the time the Finn was trying to say something. Finally he got it out.

"Thanks," the Finn said. "You damn good man. You my friend."

Did Jim stick out his hand and heavy the handshake? Sure, he stuck out his hand—and let the Finn right on the shoulder. Then he sat him with the other hand and then they were fighting up and down that bank like a couple of boxers going through a couple.

It seemed like it lasted an hour, but when it was over the Finn was lying there with a bloody nose on his ugly face as cold as a frozen lake.

"Anybody else?" Jim asked. "Stay right up."

Well, there wasn't any more, naturally, and after that nobody even looked at Jim Randall funny. He wasn't scared of dynamite any more, either, and he got to be one of the best shot men in the world. Then, later, when they got to loading ramp into the Canadian games by plane he went into that. He made it a regular business and took a pile of money out of it. You see, Jim Randall, got to be a real man.

"Quite a success story," I said to Jeff. "Young man conquers his phobias, tames the bully, makes a fortune, marries the girl next."

"Marries hell," Jeff growled. "After Jim hated the Finn, that Muskoka woman wouldn't have nothing more to do with him. Broke his engagement right off. Seemed like she liked the Finn, even so he took that beating. She married him anyway. You'll see him when we get to Muskoka's Landing to-night."

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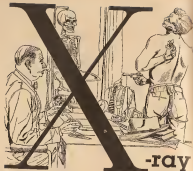
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When Dr. Fells failed to give his criminal patient the treatment he deserved, a rebellion broke out.

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FICTION

THE physician looked up and across the large waiting room at the man slumped in a well-worn, leather-covered chair. She raised a measured finger to attract his attention.

"You're the last patient, Mr. Stevens. Dr. Fells will see you now."

She was standing up and walking toward the outside door of the office even before he had risen.

He did not look at her. As he slowly rose, waves of pain and staggering weakness momentarily blurred everything from his vision. Then he recovered, shaking grimly. The blonde

did not leave him so lightly. He had known that the "last patient" was a man escaped from the state prison, with a bullet in his shoulder.

Stevens pushed his right hand into the outside pocket of his overcoat and grasped the pain that lay there firmly.

He kicked open the door carefully and vented an exclamation in the darkness without. Yes, the doctor was at his desk. It was Fells, all right, a little grayer, a little plumper, a little more nervous. It was as he expected. The room of the door creaking back sent

the doctor leaping into the air. When he'd settled, jotted out of his customary complacency, Wally Stevens was in the room, with the door slamming behind him.

"Still playing at being a doctor, eh Fells? Nothing like the delicate measure to the frightened patients." He glanced about the room. "Still the same," he continued in a harsh voice. "Well-dressed back-combed, the neatly turned diploma on the wall. From the University of Vienna." From the University of Paris? Sounds good, doesn't it? Social, respectable, with just the faintest touch of the villainous man of the world." He paused.

Fells licked his dry lips, standing with lightning steps about the room. "You escaped—from the prison?" he asked, trembling.

"It was difficult. It had to be done."

Well. Would it surprise you to know that I began planning my escape just four days ago?"

Fells' eyes lost their frightened look.

"You read about our marriage?"

The head across the desk from him nodded slowly.

"It was easy to take your betrayal, easy to accept five years in prison for a crime we both committed. Even if you were still outside." Stevens' face darkened. "Even if your word had sent me to prison. I could rationalize that away. Love of self-preservation, anything. I might have acted the same way. But you were going to keep everything as it was—our office, our practice, our money. And you were going to let Margaret alone. You promised. It was your last word. She loved me."

Fells sat back, puffing. He looked

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up at Strom apologetically "My heart! We were alone you've been gone!" Then he recovered.

"Yes, I promised, for Marjorie loved you. Now how I emphasize the point. Now can I help the workings of a woman's heart?" You know I loved her too. And when she realized that you yourself had begun this business . . ."

The girl suddenly reappeared, her attitude pointing straight at Fells' heart.

"I began at?" Strom shook with rage for an instant, then abruptly quailed. "It was you who helped her mind to change. Don't let lying will do you no good. You're going to the surgery."

Strom passed, letting this sink in.

"Where is the nurse?"
Fells' teeth were chattering. "Out," he roared to pomp. "Out for a few hours to your friend's home. She'll be back."

"When?"
"Not very long. Maybe an hour." Strom's face brightened. He knew Marjorie's habits, knew that she never left a gathering until late. When she came back, she'd get the same treatment as he planned giving Fells.

Abroadly he rose, stripped off his summer jacket, went, revealing a blood-stained shirt. This he removed swiftly, the white knapping Fells covered with the girl. As the shirt came away, he stopped back.

"You're going to operate, doctor," mocked Strom. "They wrung me in the shoulder. Hit me right between the clavicle and the top tarsus—and the bullet didn't come out!" He eagerly unrolled the crude bandage covering the wound. Fells again gasped.

"My heart, Strom, you'll not ask me old friend to . . ."

"You'll do it scientifically, doctor, and I'll watch you. First cross-examine X-rays, then local anesthetic, then the extraction of the bullet. Finally an injection of penicillin will be sure to insure healing of the wound."

"Strom! I warn you!" Fells stepped from behind the desk, leered forward. "If you die . . ."

"That would make you very happy, doctor, wouldn't it?" barked Strom. "Now get to work! We're alone in this house. Now we'll just lose the surgery temporarily."

Suddenly his voice turned. "You will follow my direction, doctor. There will be no mistakes. There had better not be. Now, act the controls for the X-ray. I'll load the plate myself."

He stepped with the surety born of long medical practice to the closet where black X-ray plates were stored, drew out two, one large, one small. Moving to the glass-walled cabinet that held the X-ray machine behind thick, leaded, sound-proofed walls, he opened its door with his hand that held the plate, held the plate under the top bed of the machine's steel and stone table. As he came out again the transformers were already humming, Fells adjusting their giant thrust of power with expert, lightning hands.

"I shall enter the room, he down on the table, and you shall take the X-ray. No trickery!" he warned as Fells crossed the room to the switchboard. "Remember I can keep my eyes on you even while you're out here. One false move and you get a bullet between the eyes!"

Fells nodded dumbly, as Strom re-entered the machine's quarters, closing the door behind him through sheer unpopulated habit.

Within, Strom lay flat on the table,

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CAY 1/53

watched the projecting plate come rapidly down towards his shoulder as Fella made the necessary adjustments from outside. For no instant he was lost in admiration of the layout. It was custom-tailored to its greatest extent. There was no possibility of the dangerous wire looking out, no necessity for the operator to hide behind plates of leaded glass and lead steel, for the tiny, confined room was all one leaded box.

Looked back! With a shout, Strom raised himself as far as he could, tried to look the door open with a throttling foot. It held. The lock on the outside had caught. He looked up swiftly, saw Fella's hand through the window reaching for the switch, saw it close on it, came sharply down.

Strom brought up the gun, pointed it directly at Fella through the glass and fired. The room echoed to the blast, as Fella, wide-eyed with terror, clutched his throat and sank to the floor.

Streaked dumb, Strom glanced at the gun in his hand. It had barely clipped the six-inch thick glass. And Fella? Stroming himself upward

against the surrounding projecting plate, he could see the other flat on the floor, unconscious, dead of heart failure, of terror as the bullet approached, harmlessly.

The room was silent, save for a faint hum.

Then Strom realized he was dead. As dead as Fella, as dead as the dead of two world wars. For the power was on and deadly rays were streaming warily through him as he lay motionless, trapped on the collision chamber beneath a few-breathing monitor that would doom on the hours, its teeth baring electrons, its life the hour of the transmuter.

He knew what would happen when they shut off the power and came and found him. A few weeks of life—and then the hideous burns appearing while his flesh dripped off and his bones turned to water.

Abruptly the room filled with thunder as he fired the gun wildly at the thick metal projector, fixed at the enclosing glass walls.

The last bullet he saved for himself.

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Talking Points

SAPATA

In "The Bandit Who Ranged a Nation," on page 48, Abel Yermian tells of Sapata, one of the most cold-blooded murderers in history. He had a private army and he ravaged towns alive towns, killing, torturing and robbing. He had a distorted sense of honour, which caused him to treat people in a most unpleasant way. Of course there was only one way he could end

BOXING

Sydney Gordon Ebert takes us behind the scenes in boxing to show the value of good trainers and good seconds in the rough sport of boxing. Where the ability of boxers is about equal, the winning boy is the one with the better second. Often the referee fights him because he has a better trainer and second. "Fate Not Favour" is on page 54.

CRACKPOTS

History has recorded many cracks—unconventional men and women who inspire divine laughter wherever they appeared. On page 4 you will read about them in "A Gossip of Crackers" by John Gilwell.

MONKEY MEN

On page 18 L. Monkey Podge tells of children born with tails. Some have been exhibited as freaks, but some have been regarded with respect.

even Tribes of tailed men exist today.

CATAFULTS

David started something when he killed Goliath with a slingshot. Ever since man has endeavored to equip himself with better long-range weapons. Swords were replaced as major weapons by catapults, bows and arrows, guns and bombs, and today we are dominated, not by tests of individual skill, but by organization, money, weapons and manpower. "David Had a Slingshot" is on page 32.

NEXT MONTH

Look for some outstanding features in next month's issue of Cavalcade. Drew Holland tells of some Australian highwaymen who dared to shoot a duel with the police, rather than surrender—and of one bushranger who stuck to his pledge. So you like oranges? Read of the dangers of orange juice, a true article by Albert Abernethy. Do you believe in ghosts? If you don't now, you will after reading "The Ghost Who Wrote Books." It is a fact. A woman who was by no means learned who had never written anything before suddenly began turning out some classic stories by two of the world's leading writers — D'Annunzio and Colette. Monty — makes next month's issue of Cavalcade a must.

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